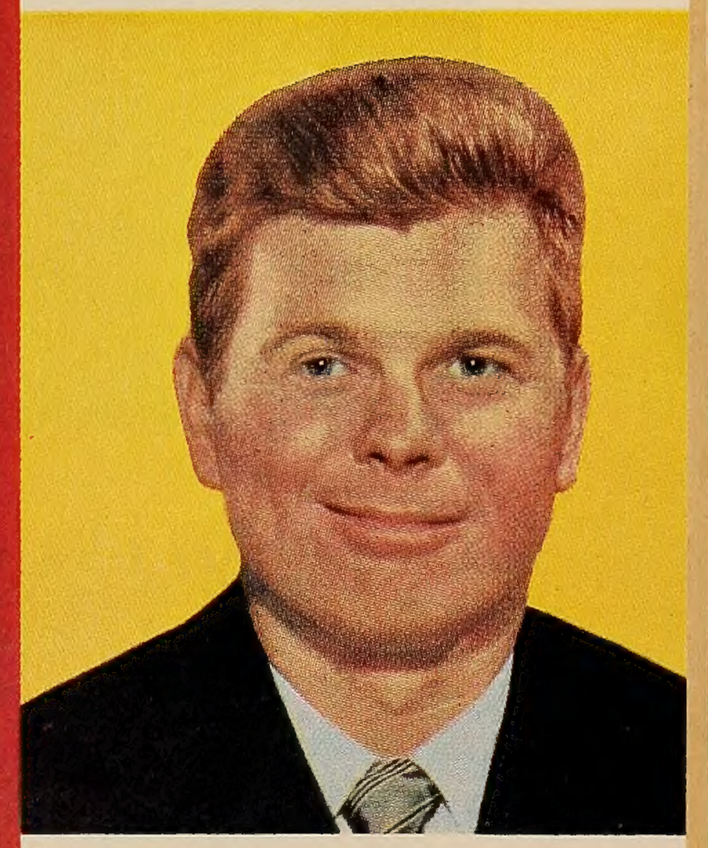
★RADIO-TV MIRROR

ECEMBER

N. Y. radio, TV listings

JACKIE GLEASON
Big-Hearted Jack!

SANDY BECKER
Young Dr. Malone



BARRY NELSON
Favorite Husband

ew Stories:
IBERACE
ACK WEBB
MA PERKINS
GARRY MOORE

Marion Marlowe
Arthur Godfrey's
Charming Songstress

25¢

New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

Sheer heaven . . . the way your hair will shine . . . so silky soft, so silky smooth, so silky bright . . . with new Drene. Breath-taking . . . that shimmering silkiness!

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

Lathers like lightning—

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use this new formula every day.

This is a New Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

At all stores now—in same familiar package!

NEW IPANA® WITH ANTI-ENZYME WD-9

reduces tooth decay...stops bad breath!

What should you know about ENZYMES and how to fight them?

Here are proved facts — *in plain language!*

The enzymes you have been hearing about are formed by mouth bacteria. They speed up production of decay-causing acids. They also help produce unpleasant mouth odor.

Dental scientists now say that most tooth decay may be stopped — by stopping bacterial-enzyme action.

That is why you should use new white Ipana. All Ipana now on sale contains *anti-enzyme WD-9.*

Brushing your teeth regularly after meals with Ipana containing WD-9 *checks* bacterial-enzyme action.

Most dentists recommend this way of using Ipana. It is the best way to fight decay all day long.

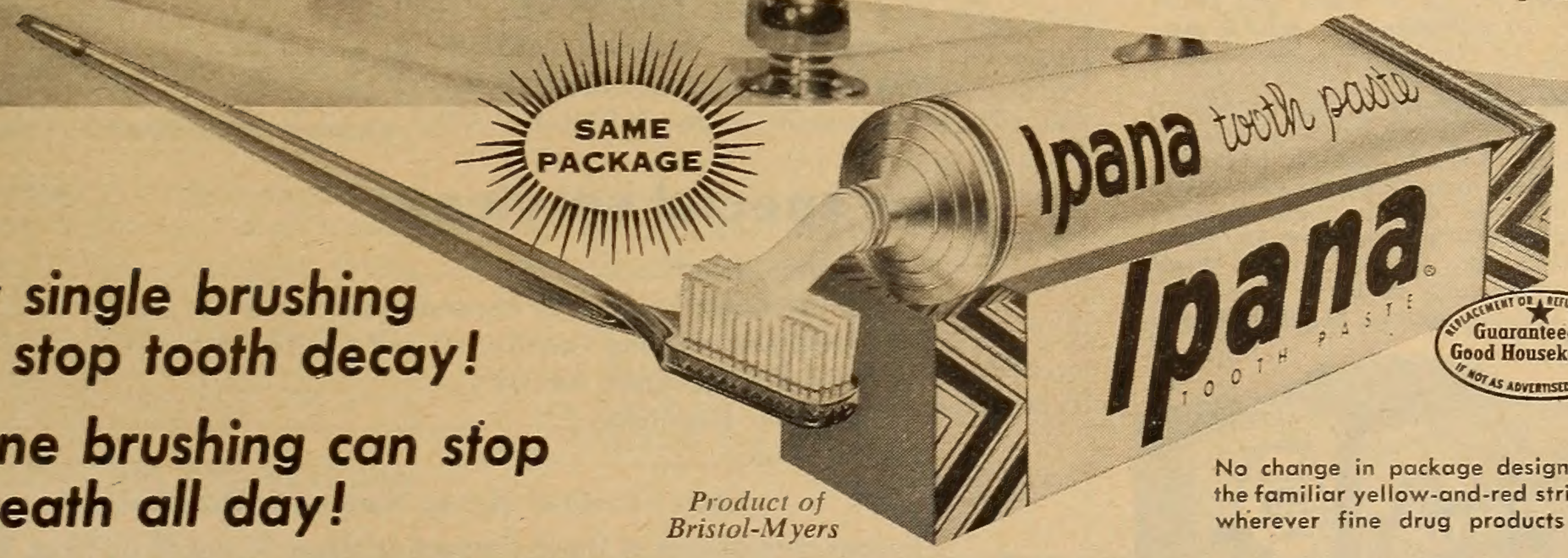
New Ipana Tooth Paste is so effective that a single brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor up to 9 hours. Even after smoking—and eating anything you please except onions and garlic.

And with anti-enzyme WD-9, Ipana now has a new minty flavor, new foaming and cleansing power. Children love it.

Get new Ipana with WD-9 today—encourage every member of the family to use it regularly.

Don't forget your gums — they are important, too. Brushing with new Ipana containing WD-9—from gum margins toward biting edges—helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

SAME PACKAGE



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Every single brushing helps stop tooth decay!

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!

Product of Bristol-Myers

No change in package design. Look for the familiar yellow-and-red striped carton wherever fine drug products are sold.

ALL IPANA NOW ON SALE CONTAINS ANTI-ENZYME WD-9

STUDENT NURSES ARE NEEDED . . . INQUIRE AT YOUR HOSPITAL

R
M

For Radiant, Glamorous, Natural-looking Hair!

COLORINSE . . . gives hair glorious *temporary* color. A "must" after each and every shampoo and whenever your hair looks dull and drab. Adds exciting color-highlights, silken lustre . . . makes hair easier to comb and manage. 10 beautiful shades. 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

COLORTINT . . . more than a rinse but not a permanent dye. Enhances your natural hair color — adds rich, new color — blends in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. Enriched with Processed *Lanolin* to make hair shining soft. 10 flattering shades. 6 capsules 29¢, 14 capsules 50¢.

LITE Hair Lightener . . . lightens your hair as much as you wish (up to 10 shades) in ONE application. Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds glamorous golden streaks. Contains no ammonia—enriched with Processed *Lanolin* to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. $1.50. Retouch size 79¢.

Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color.

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Frances Maly, *Associate Art Director*
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Cover portrait of Marion Marlowe by Ozzie Sweet

Special photographs of David Gothard on pages 32 and 33 by Dana Wallace

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A

COLD OR SORE THROAT

"OZZIE & HARRIET" know what to do!

They know that...

LISTERINE INSTANTLY KILLS GERMS ON THROAT SURFACES . . . BY MILLIONS!

At the first sign of a sneeze, cough or sniffle, out comes the Listerine bottle and the Nelsons start gargling. With heavy TV and radio commitments, they simply can't afford to let a cold or a sore throat due to colds get them down if they can help it.

Like millions of other healthy American families, they have found that, used early and often, Listerine can often help head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity.

That is also true in reducing the number of sore throats.

In tests over 12 years, users had fewer colds, fewer sore throats

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" (see panel at right).

These are the threatening germs that many authorities believe account for much of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue.

Listerine often halts such mass invasions . . . attacks the germs before they attack you. Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after gargling and up to 80% after one hour.

This safe, germ-killing action, we believe, accounts for this remarkable record:

Tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

So, if colds are going around, it's a pretty smart idea to see that everybody in the family gargles systematically with this wonderful antiseptic.

Take A Tip from the Nelsons! See and Hear **"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"**
Two different shows, radio and television, every week. See your paper for times and stations.

Kills germs like these way back on throat surfaces

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

ABOUT THAT VERY INTIMATE MATTER

We mean your breath, of course! Listerine keeps breath sweeter, longer. You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs, including germs that are the most common cause of bad breath when they start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth.

Tooth-brushing does not give you antiseptic protection. Chewing gums and chlorophylls do not kill germs. Listerine does. That is why it averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the tooth pastes and chlorophyll products it was tested against.

Stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

R
M

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that *cause* perspiration odor.

Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable right to the bottom of the jar. Get Mum—stay nice to be near!

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

RADIO-TV MIRROR'S *Forecast for Next Month*

WARREN HULL

reveals behind-the-headlines stories of Strike It Rich

•

ARTHUR GODFREY

in his own home town—as the Squire of Beacon Hill—exclusive!

•

BESS MYERSON

leads a double life at home and on The Big Payoff (and is every bit as happy in gingham as in mink)

•

JOE MANTELL

the real-life romance of Nora Drake's "Cass Todero"

•

WALTER BROOKE

is closer than "three steps to heaven," now that his wife's going to have a baby!

•

All this, and many more intimate features—plus photographs—in

January

RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine

on sale December 9

Prize-Winning
"Baby Blue Eyes"

BIGGEST DOLL VALUE in AMERICA

$12.95 value
$5.95

SHE **SLEEPS**
SHE **CRIES**
SHE **SITS**

Look at these features usually found only on dolls up to $12.95:

WASHABLE FROM HEAD TO TOE

Bathe her like a real baby — her entire body is genuine Latex.

SHE MAKES FACES

Pinch her chubby pink cheeks and see her pout, or pucker up for a kiss! Her exquisitely modeled unbreakable vinyl head is perfect in every detail.

MYSTIC SKIN

Her entire body is Mystic Skin filled with miracle foam satin-soft rubber.

SILK EMBROIDERED DRESS

She is dressed up in a custom wardrobe. Glamorous, sheer party dress is covered with expensive, shimmering *real silk* cut-work embroidery! She is America's most beautifully dressed baby doll.

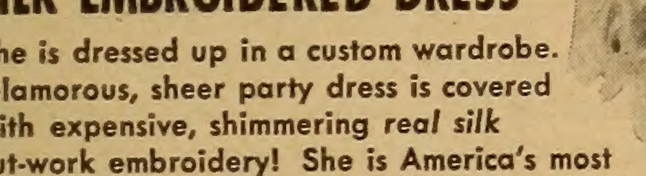
EXTRA LONG MAGIC BRAIDS

Her amazing Saran hair, guaranteed not to come out, can actually be shampooed and set.

Baby Blue Eyes is cuddly and life-like—the ultimate in doll realism. She is 20 inches tall. Her rosy cheeks, cute open mouth and real lashes over big, beautiful blue eyes that open and close are a little girl's dream. Her arms, legs and head are moveable so she can sit up and assume life-like poses.

Her head turns—she coos happily, like a real baby, when you hold her tight. Your favorite little girl will love caring for this cuddly baby—she is so adorable in her dream dress.

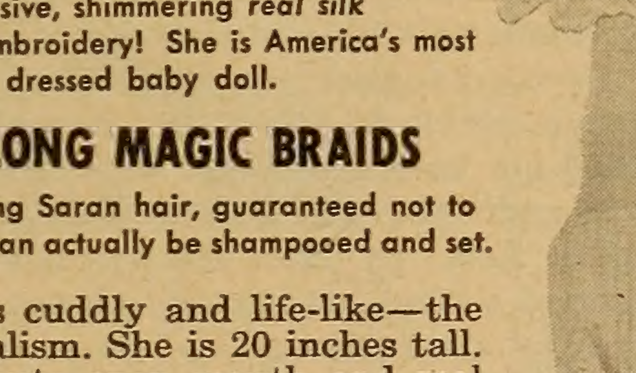
Easy to Set Hair any Style



Included

3 PIECE VANITY SET, CURLERS, AND HAIR STYLE BOOKLET

Brush, comb, mirror and curlers that will give hours of play to your favorite little girl.



© 1953 Niresk Industries, Inc., Chicago 40, Ill.

Money Back Guarantee

Niresk Industries, Inc., Dept. WB-34
4757 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Rush amazing "Baby Blue Eyes" doll, Vanity Set, Curlers and Hair Style Booklet at $5.95 plus C.O.D. postage. Full purchase price refunded if not 100% satisfied.

Name.....
(please print)

Address .....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage
☐ Heart-shaped gold finish locket necklace to fit doll or little girl, 50c extra.
☐ To save postage I enclose $5.95—ship prepaid ☐ $6.45—include necklace.

R
M

Young Timers'
SWEETHEART

Marilyn fears for Jack in the Beanstalk . . .

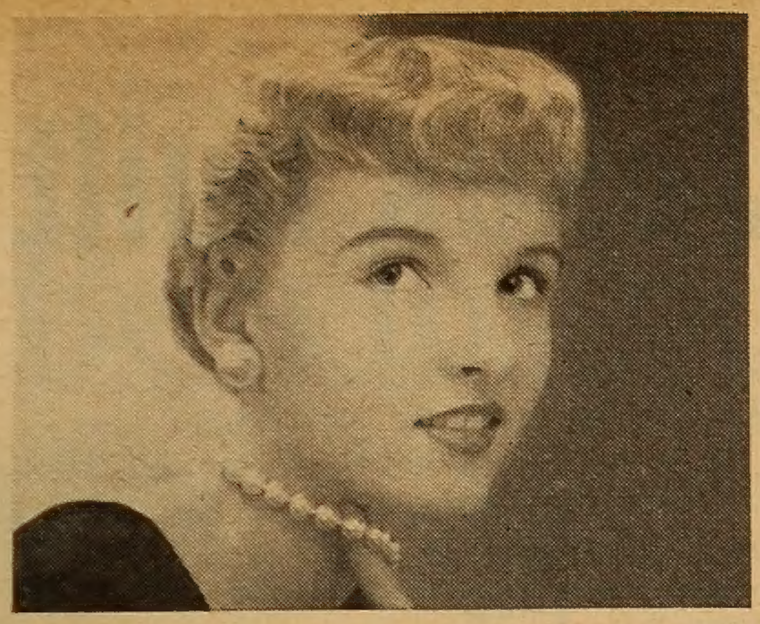
New England's little folk love

to lend their ears and imaginations

to lovely Marilyn Mitchell

But rejoices when everything turns out fine

ONCE UPON A TIME, not very long ago, a little girl named Marilyn Mitchell lived with her five brothers and five sisters in Meadville, Pennsylvania. Came a rainy day, she would keep the family happy by reading and acting out stories. Little did she realize that someday she would be doing the same for thousands upon thousands of other youngsters. Not until she graduated from high school, as an honor student, did Marilyn decide to enter the entertainment field. Then she packed her belongings and ventured to New York to study drama and radio acting at Hunter College and the Academy of Dramatic Arts. By 1952, Marilyn had amassed a wealth of experience as a stage actress, having appeared in numerous off-Broadway productions, and as a model. Then, on July 4th of that year, she met her Prince Charming—Ray Barron, an agent and artists' representative who was active in radio and television productions. Realizing Marilyn's natural talents in his line of work, Ray placed her on the *Fun And Fashion* show over WPIX-TV. After much deserved praise from viewers, Ray and Marilyn journeyed to Boston and became proud additions to Station WCOP's family. Quicker then you can say Rumpelstiltskin, Marilyn found her way into the hearts and imaginations of thousands of youngsters all over New England. The magic wand that brought her such popularity is her Saturday morning program, *Young Timer's Club*. Each week, for 55 minutes, Marilyn weaves a wonderland of delight with stories, games, surprises and prizes. She also sponsors the Young Timer's Club (the only requirement for membership is to lend your ears and imagination to her), sends autographed pictures of herself to her "little" admirers, and daily reads and answers countless letters the small folk write. Because she loves her "Young Timers" so, and because they feel the same about her, it would seem that Marilyn and Ray will live happily ever after in Boston and at Station WCOP



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Bobbi Bob"—the 1920 bob gone modern. Bobbi gives waves exactly where you want them.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Starlite" style. No nightly settings needed.

Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual "Florentine" hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Casual, carefree—that's the "Skylark," thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give soft, lovely curls and waves right from the start.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ...the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

the house that Jokes built

Morey Amsterdam gets a final pre-work touch from wife Kay.

IT'S HIGHLY improbable that there's a movie, radio, or TV fan alive who hasn't seen, heard, or been entertained by the unlimited talents of Morey Amsterdam, master joker and jokesmith. For over twenty years, he has entertained millions at everything from cello playing and song writing to movie, radio and television writing, directing, producing and acting. Nowadays, he daily makes merry on WNBT's *Breakfast With Music*, and offers great TVariety each Saturday night.

Above and beyond the gag world, Morey's great pride, after his wonderful family, is his beautiful 14-room Colonial-styled home in Westchester. Four years of extra-special interior decorating by Kay Patrick, Morey's beautiful, vivacious wife and former Conover model, has produced a dramatic showplace that shines almost as brightly as the Amsterdam family, which also includes young Gregory Morey and cute-as-a-button Catherine Jennifer.

Often, the Amsterdams can be found out on their back lawn practicing golf, a hobby the whole family enjoys. In fact, ten-year-old Gregory far outshoots Papa. But Morey seeks solace from Cathy—only two and a half, she offers little competition . . . now.

Another hobby of Morey's is photography. He has a home studio, replete with all kinds of equipment, plus a viewing room which Kay uses, too—for Saturday night suppers with friends. Morey's favorite hobby, however, is and always has been gags, gags, and more gags. "After all," boasts the fabulous funster, "they built my home!" And what a wonderful home!

Family jam session: son Gregory, Kay, and little Catherine try to drown out Papa Morey at the cello.

This holiday season

Be a lovelier, smoother "You"

with Helene Curtis spray net* BRAND

Just one magic moment keeps hair softly in place wherever you go, whatever you do

...and only Helene Curtis spray net BRAND beauty-treats your hair with Spray-on Lanolin Lotion (adds silkiness, won't dry hair)

Here is a new kind of hair-beauty protection—to keep you looking your loveliest all through the holiday season. A magic mist that keeps hair softly in place around the clock . . . naturally . . . without greasiness. Can't dry hair . . . actually adds silkiness.

What's more, Helene Curtis SPRAY NET "beauty-treats" your hair every flattering hour you wear it. For it contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion to impart a shining, silky look. Won't dry hair. Invisible, colorless. Won't harm hair. Brushes out instantly. Get Helene Curtis SPRAY NET today. Avoid inferior substitutes. Ask for it by name.

Regular Size, **$1.25**

Giant 11 oz. $2.00 Size (2½ times as much)

LIMITED TIME ONLY $1.79

(plus tax)

Not a hair out of place—no "just-out-of-the-kitchen look." With Helene Curtis SPRAY NET, you'll have no more untidy "hair-do droop" and no more wispy ends even on busiest days.

That romantic, smoother look can be yours on every holiday occasion. Get genuine Helene Curtis SPRAY NET in the pastel green Aerosol container today.

Stardust

BONUS GIFT FOR YOU

Here's holiday magic for exciting evenings . . . tiny, jewel-like "sparkles" for your hair. Just sprinkle Stardust on hair, apply SPRAY NET to hold the glitter in place. It brushes out instantly, later. Gold or silver! Hurry . . . offer for limited time only.

*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons

Kathi Norris tells husband Wilbur Stark of her new job as commercial girl for General Electric.

Wedding bells for Marguerite Piazza will shorten her professional hours.

what's new from Coast

• By JILL WARREN

If all goes well, Bing Crosby (here with son Lindsay), who so often has said no to TV appearances, may soon change his answer to yes.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS SHOW is the name of a new Saturday morning program which has found a regular place on the CBS Radio network. It's a fifteen-minute romp with Robert Q. handling the ad libs, supported vocally by those very popular young ladies, The Chordettes. The quartette, who were so well-liked when they were on the Arthur Godfrey shows, will also be making guest appearances from time to time, both on radio and television.

NBC and Pontiac finally got together on a suitable time spot for their boy, Dave Garroway, and the Garroway night-time television show is very much on the network's fall schedule. The sponsor originally objected to placing the program opposite *I Love Lucy* on Monday nights, but eventually gave the okay for a Friday evening period. NBC just extended Garroway's contract, which was to have expired in 1957, to run through to September of 1960. In addition to his new program, Dave will continue his two-hour daily *Today* task on TV and his Monday-through-Friday *Dial Dave Garroway* on radio. He says NBC

Robert Q. Lewis is featuring The Chordettes on his new radio show.

to Coast

should give him an endurance crown, because, with his rugged schedule now, he may have to give up sleeping entirely.

Bing Crosby, who has said no to so many television offers, may finally say yes—and to his present sponsor, General Electric—for a series of appearances on their Sunday-night spot on CBS-TV. There's also talk that Bing may emcee their hour-long Christmas TV program.

Speaking of television deals, Jo Stafford has just made a whopper. CBS-TV has signed Jo to a four-year contract which is said to call for her being paid $1,000,000 for the period, and she'll be on salary whether she is actually working or not. Under the terms of the deal, Jo will give up all radio activities, but will continue to make records for Columbia. CBS is currently working on a couple of musical formats for Jo and hopes to get a TV show set for viewing this season.

Frank Sinatra, whose radio and TV career seemed on the wane last year, has certainly bounced back with a bang this season. (*Continued on page* 92)

It's safety first with Roy Rogers and Gale Storm, who admire the winning poster in the school safety program sponsored yearly by Roy.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Who's Mrs. Calabash?

Dear Editor:
Could you tell me who the person is that Jimmy Durante says good night to on all his shows?
D.P.J., Glens Falls, N. Y.

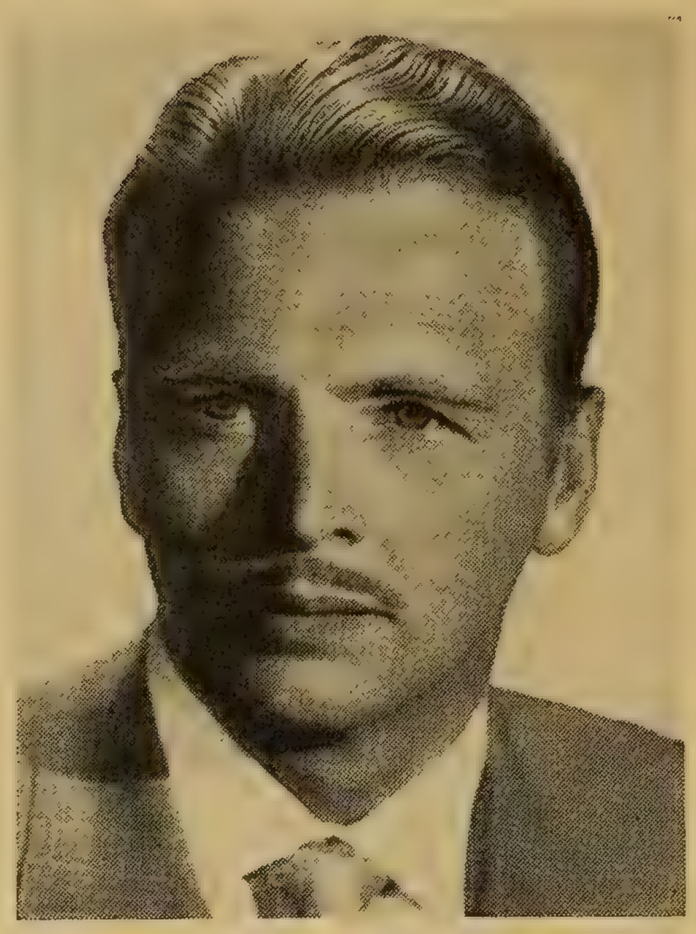
For many years now, on radio and television, Jimmy Durante has ended his programs with the wistful salutation: "Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are." Thousands of other listeners have wondered through the years just who this person is, but, sad to say, only Jimmy knows the answer, and he's not talking. Even his friends are in the dark. Some say she is an old friend, or just a gag. Whenever Jimmy is asked, he just cocks his head, smiles, and replies, "A fella's got to have some secrets, ain't he?"

Mrs. Gurney

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me the name and something about the lady who plays the part of the scatter-brained teacher, Mrs. Gurney, on Mr. Peepers?
N.T., Lynn, Mass.

The charming and hilarious role of Mrs. Gurney is portrayed by Marion Lorne. Although born and brought up in Pennsylvania, Miss Lorne was a star of the English stage for more than twenty-five years, often appearing with such notables as Sir Godfrey Tearle and Sir Aubrey Smith. She was married to Walter Hackett, a well-known newspaperman and playwright. Soon after they returned to this country in 1942, Mr. Hackett died, and Miss Lorne has remained on this side of the Atlantic ever since. Audiences throughout the nation had the pleasure of seeing her for five seasons as the sister in the Joe E. Brown company of "Harvey," and in Alfred Hitchcock's "Strangers on a Train." When she began appearing as Mrs. Gurney on the *Mr. Peepers* show, Miss Lorne established herself firmly in the hearts of millions of Americans. She now lives in New York City, and her favorite hobby is "going to the theatre." For, as Miss Lorne says, "Show business is still the most exciting thing I know!"

Marion Lorne



John Lund

Johnny Dollar

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me something about the person who plays Johnny Dollar on Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar, *and print a picture of him?* *B.S., Butler, Pa.*

Handsome screen and radio star John Lund plays the fabulous insurance investigator Johnny Dollar. He was born in Rochester, New York, on February 6, 1913, and has worked at everything from ditch-digging to advertising. However, his greatest achievements have been scored in the theatrical world. His first appearance on Broadway was in "As You Like It." Along with his stage work, John wrote, announced, and acted for radio. He also collaborated on the screen play, "Appointment with Danger," starring Alan Ladd. In 1942, John married Marie Charton, an actress and top Conover model. His favorite hobby is hypnotism. Other interests include Duke Ellington's music, porterhouse steak, swimming, the color blue, sport clothes, and heavy drama.

Theme Song

Dear Editor:
Could you tell me the name of the theme song on the Voice of Firestone *program? Is it possible to obtain a record of this song in any music store?*
I.K., Eureka, Calif.

The *Voice Of Firestone* has two theme songs: "If I Could Tell You," which is heard at the opening of the program, and "In My Garden," which closes the show. Both were written by Ida Belle Firestone, the widow of Harvey Firestone, and both have been recorded by RCA Victor. They should be available in any well-stocked music shop.

Susan Douglas

Dear Editor:
I would like to have some information on Susan Douglas who portrays Kathy on The Guiding Light. *Would you print a picture of her too, please?*
M.F., Quantico, Va.

Doll-sized Susan Douglas (five feet tall, 98 pounds) was born Zuzka Zenta in Vien-

(*Continued on page* 96)

Susan Douglas

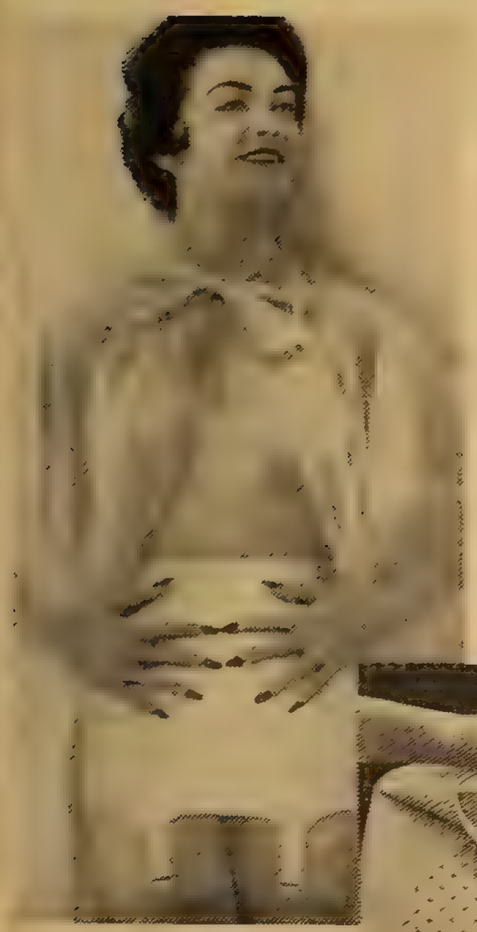
Now... Control those "Calorie-Curves"!

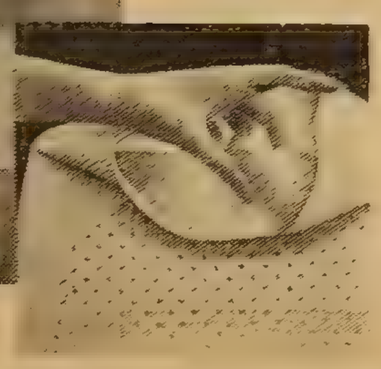
Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels *plus*
new non-roll top that slim, firm and control
you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

Just as the hands of a sculptor fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible "fingers" of Magic-Controller smooth and mold *your* figure and control those "Calorie-Curves."

New Playtex® Magic-Controller!

Now available in all 3 styles:
Garter girdle—Panty with garters—Panty brief





With freedom and comfort you never thought possible, Magic-Controller firms and flattens your figure from waist to thighs—gives you "Calorie-Curve Control!"

And the secret? Those hidden "finger" panels that slim and smooth, that non-roll top that stays up without a stay!

Invisible under sleekest clothes, Magic-Controller fits and feels like a second skin. Cloud-soft fabric lining inside, lovely textured latex outside, it's one piece and wonderful! Wash it in seconds—you can practically watch it dry.

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.

Playtex Magic-Controller*... Now in all 3 styles

Garter Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, $7.95

Panty Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, $7.95

Panty Brief, $6.95

Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles, from $4.95

Other famous Playtex Girdles, from $3.50

Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

R
M

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"Doctors' tests reveal this new chlorophyll derivative

CHECKS WOMEN'S *Special* ODOR PROBLEM!"

reports
Registered Nurse
MARY L. RHOAD

As Nurse Rhoad explains: "Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now."

Scientific proof that taking "ENNDS" Darotol* Tablets suppresses odors of "difficult days" within the body itself!

"Recently," Nurse Rhoad explains, "a leading medical journal reported tests in which use of a certain chlorophyll derivative exceeded all expectations in suppressing odors associated with menstruation. In my experience, "ENNDS"Darotol*ChlorophyllTablets act to prevent such odors as no past method ever did. And they're safe!"

Never before has it been so easy to avoid embarrassing body odors at that "certain time." All you do is take 3 or 4 pleasant-tasting "ENNDS" daily—a few days before and continuing throughout your menstrual period!

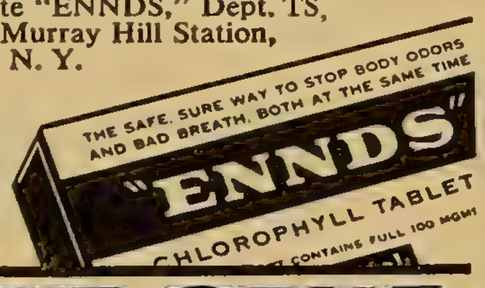
You see, "ENNDS" actually reduce the *formation* in the body of certain odor-producing substances...substances particularly offensive at the time of menstruation. Thus act to keep you free of these odors at this time.

Enjoy this odor protection *between* your monthly periods, too... by taking 1 or 2 "ENNDS" Tablets every day!

You can get "ENNDS" everywhere. Trial size only 49¢. Larger sizes save even more! Also available in Canada.

For *free* booklet, "What You Should Know About Menstruation" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS," Dept. TS, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

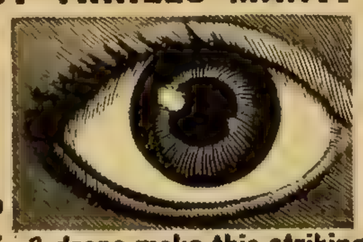
**Darotol is a valuable chlorophyll derivative found in "ENNDS".*



SAFE EYE-GENE

EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!

Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief?...
Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in *seconds*—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 35c, 60c, $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.



2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

R M

She follows her

Follow Your Heart: Society girl Julie Fielding (Sallie) wants to wed the man of her own choice—her mother (Nancy Sheridan) has other ideas.

HAPPIEST young lady around NBC-TV these days is pretty actress Sallie Brophy. Green eyes a-sparkle, brown hair a-flying, she explains: "I feel like I'm living the actual life of Julie Fielding on *Follow Your Heart.* I come to the studio to play my role, just as excited as the audience to find out what happens to Julie each day!"

Almost from the time she was born—twenty-four years ago, in Phoenix, Arizona—Sallie wanted to be an actress. She started in amateur plays at the local high school, continued at Sacred Heart Convent in Menlo Park, California —where she played boys' roles "because I was tallest," says trim, five-foot-six Sallie.

When she went on to the College of New Rochelle, New York, Sallie worked as an apprentice, during the summer, at a playhouse run by the Theatre Guild in Westport, Connecticut. When her father went to London, she tagged along—and got herself admitted to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

From the start, Sallie's love of the theatre and talent for acting have attracted the attention of show-business greats. It was Sir Cedric Hardwicke who helped her get an audition at the Royal Academy, and director George Cukor

heart

In her own life, actress Sallie Brophy has always known what she wanted to do

coached her for the actual test. Back on America's own Broadway, Sallie acted as understudy to Tallulah Bankhead in "Private Lives" and, later, to Margaret Phillips in "Second Threshold."

She's found her niche in TV theatres, too, playing many a role in the *Robert Montgomery, Kraft* and *Philco* drama series. Sallie just couldn't be happier that she "followed her heart," and only hopes things will work out every bit as well for Julie Fielding!

Follow Your Heart is seen on NBC-TV each Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M. EST.

First Aid for COLDS

Alka-Seltzer
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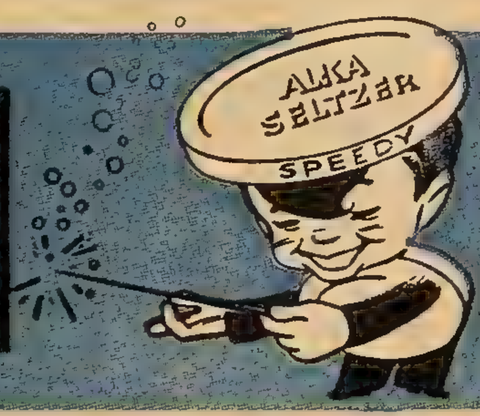
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FOR THAT
"FEEL BETTER" FEELING...

ALKA-SELTZER quickly relieves the discomforts of a cold—the headache, the feverish feeling, the aches and pains. Gentle ALKA-SELTZER is a soothing gargle too. Feel better while you're getting better—take ALKA-SELTZER to relieve cold miseries.

ALSO FIRST AID FOR
ACID INDIGESTION
HEADACHE
MUSCULAR ACHES



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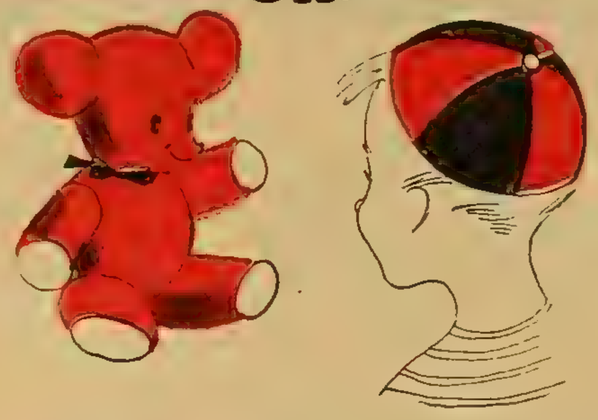
make the gayest gifts this side of Christmas...



tint your fabric ... felt, nylon, net

in merry RIT colors you're all set!

No need to search the shops for fabrics! Rit-dye the odds and ends you *have* in the colors you *want* and you'll have twice as much time for gift making. Not to mention the fun you'll have turning curtains into party capes (aprons, too) or an old felt hat into a tri-color "beanie" for Junior.

The finest dye . . .
the *high concentrate* dye . . .
and only 25¢

All Purpose RIT

RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1437 W. Morris St., Indianapolis 6

R M

"Miss Frances" rings the bell for members of the tricycle set

DING DONG

THERE'S nothing else like it on TV. In fact, when *Ding Dong School* was first launched on Station WNBQ, an NBC executive in Chicago said: "It's either the worst show we ever pitched up, or the best." Within weeks, it was on the network —by popular demand—and now it has a sponsor, numerous awards, and many a pat on the back from grateful mothers . . . for the very thing that had everybody worried at the start: *Ding Dong School* is aimed straight at its three- to five-year-old audience, rather than their parents. Low-angled cameras see everything at Lilliputian eye-level, stories and activities are paced at the slow rate just right for small ears and hands. Most startling of all, a real, live schoolteacher is "cast" as the TV teacher . . . the small fry's beloved "Miss Frances" holds impressive degrees in education, has done much practical teaching—and is really *Mrs.* Frances Horwich, who was born on July 16th (some forty years ago) in Ottawa, Ohio, met her future husband when they both taught Sunday school in Chicago, and was married in 1931. . . . When husband Harvey returned this fall from Korea—where he'd been civilian historian with the 8th U. S. Air Force—they took a happy second-honeymoon trip to the Bahama Isles. He was somewhat amazed, when the fourteen children aboard their plane sang the *Ding Dong* song all the way to Miami—and absolutely

Youngsters hang on every word she says, happily learn to finger-paint and make toys from spools and boxes.

SCHOOL

convulsed, when the native orchestra burst into the same theme at their Nassau hotel (complete with calypso verses about "Miss Frances" and "*Mr.* Frances") . . . but, to "Miss Frances" herself, the greatest proof of her TV success is the mail that pours in, bearing small tokens of her audience's esteem—a favorite toy, pressed flowers, a treasured (though crumbling) cookie and, of course. examples of the simple objects she's taught them to make or draw. No children of her own? Why, "Miss Frances" has a million of them—all just the age for *Ding Dong School!*

Ding Dong School is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, sponsored by General Mills.

ADD-vantage with invisible padding...$2

So *good* when you slip on Lovable's padded ADD-Vantage. You look better. You *feel* better! The hidden foamette curves and firms, adds beauty without bulk, *can't* lose its shape. And it's light-as-a-whisper...both on your figure *and* your budget! Ask for Lovable's ADD-Vantage, only $2 everywhere.

Other fine Lovable styles, padded and regular, from $1 to $2.50...*Also in Canada.*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Lovable BRA

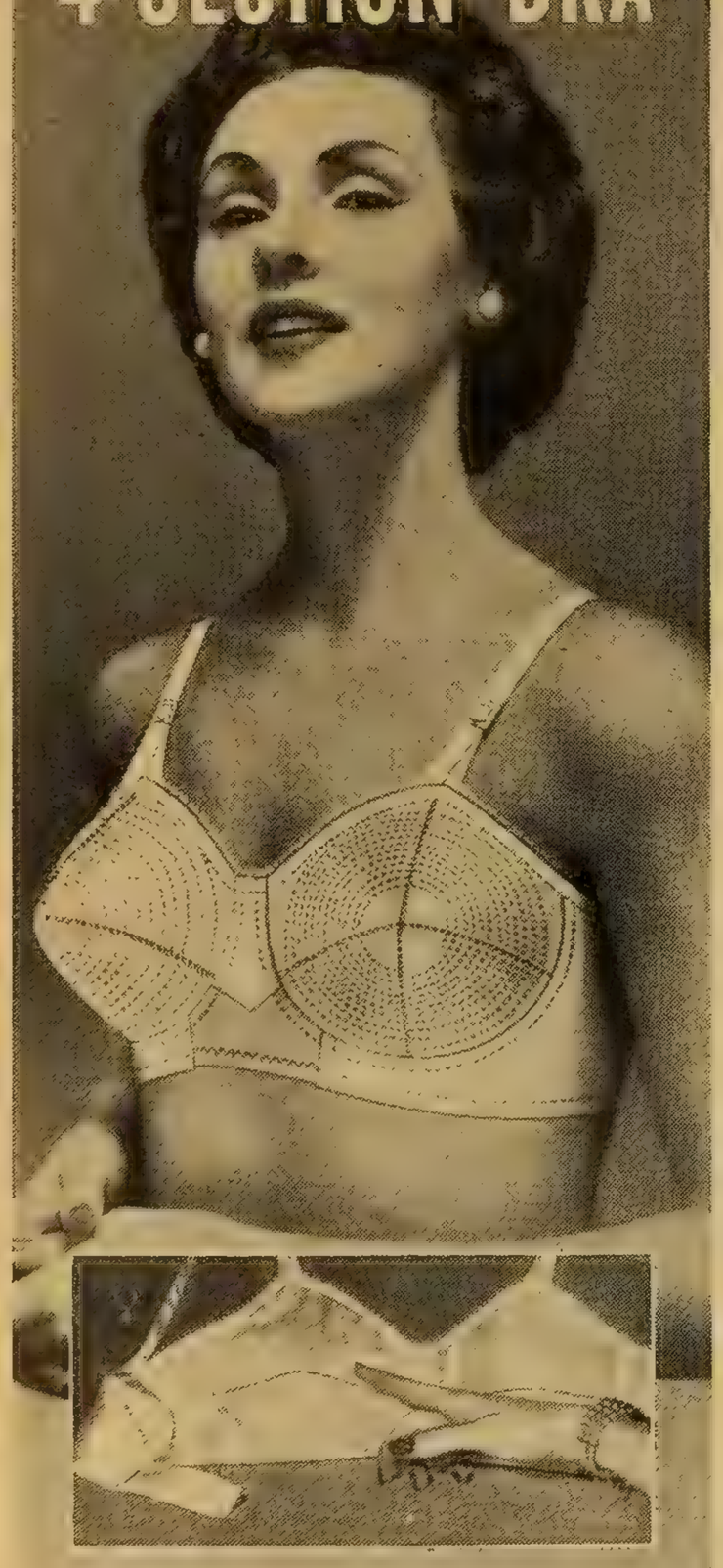
Look for the heart...for the Lovable look.

The Lovable Brassiere Co., Dept. TS-12, 180 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

new...for a lovelier you!

Stardust

4-SECTION BRA



with a complete inside lining that improves uplift, comfort

At last... a 4-section bra that positively assures better uplift... rounds out the figure beautifully... creates an entirely new conception of fit in motion.

But more—the unique petal-smooth inside lining of self material eliminates chafing and irritation, guards health as well as beauty! Discover what Stardust's 4-Section Bra can do for you!

Rich acetate satin or fine preshrunk cotton; A, B, or C cups. $1.00

Stardust
Life-Insured Bra
GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

Write for name of nearest store.

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New Patterns for You

9271
SIZES
12—20
40

9399
SIZES
14½—24½

4524
SIZES
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9271 Deep-yoked casual—paneled hipline. Sew it now for the busy season ahead! Pretty in any fabric. Misses' sizes, 12-20; 40. Size 16 takes 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

9399 Look slimmer, trimmer, taller, in this half-size step-in—you'll be delighted with the perfect fit! Half-sizes, 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4⅜ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

4524 Your baby's growing up—you want these adorables for her now! Toddler sizes, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Size 2 dress takes 1½ yards 35-inch fabric; playsuit, 1⅛ yards. 35¢

Send *thirty-five cents* (in coin) for *each* pattern to:

RADIO-TV MIRROR, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 137,
Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y.

YOUR NAME.....

STREET OR BOX NO.....

CITY OR TOWN.....STATE.....

Add *five cents* for each pattern for first-class mailing.

Come in, America...

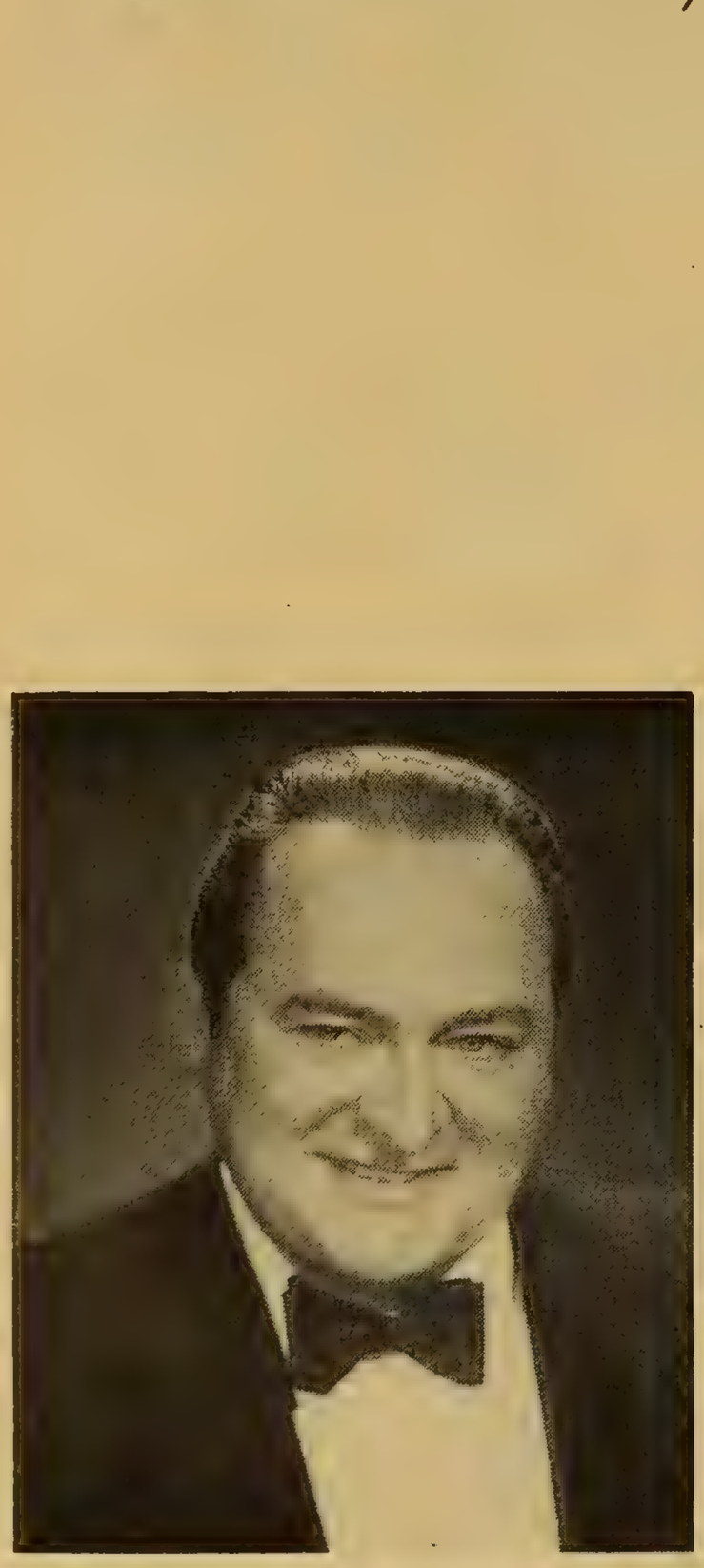
at the sign of radio-plus!

This new sign of *plus* radio entertainment now marks the MUTUAL point on your dial, where more than $1,000,000 worth of great new programs have been *added* to the long-run favorites already provided by your neighborly MUTUAL station. To enjoy the biggest improvements in all radio today... just tune to MUTUAL and relax. You're welcome!

R
M

Come in, America...

you're welcome, all day long!

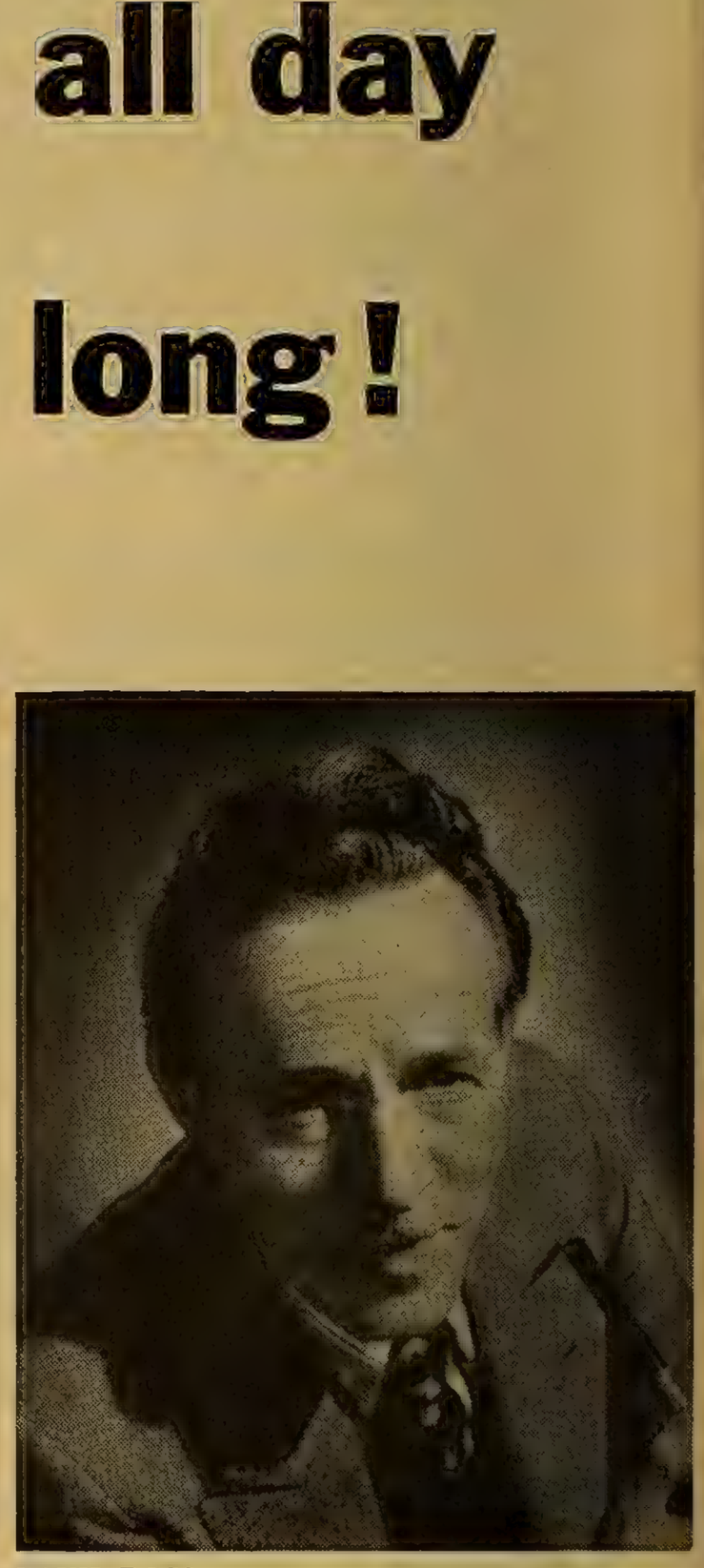


EDWARD ARNOLD

Spotlight Story

ARLENE FRANCIS & BILL CULLEN

Spotlight on Humor



DAVID ROSS

Anniversary Spotlight

Ladies Fair

Curt Massey Time

Dawn to dusk, your *Mutual* station has long been dedicated—
as comfortably and as dependably as *any* good neighbor—to
brightening every hour of your day with laughter and counsel,
entertainment and news. Today, a host of *new* stars awaits
your pleasure. Try just a sampling of all that's been added:
DUNCAN HINES for better living... JOE KING for celebrity music
... DAVID ROSS for anniversaries in Americana... EDWARD ARNOLD
for yarn-spinning behind the scenes... ARLENE FRANCIS & BILL
CULLEN for easygoing banter on news oddities... AL HELFER for
novel sports-star interviews—all these and more, now *added,*
mind you, to all your regular reasons for tuning to the nearest
MBS station. You can still count on those morning-and-midday
highlights: "*Ladies Fair*" with *Tom Moore,* "*Queen for a Day*"
with *Jack Bailey,* and nobody-else-but *Curt Massey!* Stay
tuned to your *Mutual* station and enjoy it. You're welcome!

DUNCAN HINES
Spotlight on Food

AL HELFER
Spotlight on Sports

JOE KING
Star Spotlight

Queen for a Day

For MBS schedules in your town, see local listings—and for exciting news of what's new on MBS at night, see the 2-page message elsewhere, this issue.

Fred enjoys interviewing celebrities John Carroll and Anne Francis at a recent Sophie Tucker Golden Jubilee Dinner.

all-around GENIUS

Dynamic Fred Nahas has never failed at anything he set out to do

FRED NAHAS is many things to many people all across the land. The members of Station KXYZ in Houston, Texas, admire him for his ceaseless activities as Executive Vice-President and General Manager. Listeners praise him for his crack news commentating on his daily program, *Tomorrow's History,* and for his genial emceeing of many civic and philanthropic functions in Houston. From Hollywood to New York, he is known as the brain behind the popular *Saturday At The Shamrock,* ABC's show that weekly brings the nation outstanding stars appearing at Houston's fabulous Shamrock Hotel. To his family—wife Alice, thirteen-year-old Gail Ann, and Fred Jr., who is eight—Fred Nahas is a husband and father well-loved and proudly respected. Even Silver Clipper, the family's affectionate cocker spaniel, shows great admiration for his master. "Silver" especially takes delight in the family's sports activities, including tennis and weight-lifting.

Behind the fast-thinking, fast-acting character that symbolizes Fred Nahas is the guiding philosophy of hard work, sincerity, and above all, "heart." These shining qualities began to twinkle when Fred left Tulane University in his native New Orleans to take over a public relations post with the Gulf Oil Company. His sturdy physique and nimble mind, sharpened by athletic and debating contests, soon made him Gulf's outstanding public relations expert. From there, he graduated to the position of Glenn McCarthy's right-hand man . . . and it is often said that McCarthy is the only person who can outdo Mr. Nahas in sheer physical stamina. Likewise, when Fred came to Houston and KXYZ, he wasted no time in proving himself a man of endless talents

Engineering problem: Daughter Gail Ann and son Fred Jr. try to show Papa Fred how to "locomote."

Fred and the children are off for a bit of sailing.

and energy. His outstanding contributions to the life of the city and his active leadership during the war earned him the Junior Chamber of Commerce's highest award of Outstanding Young Man of the Year in 1945. Often referred to now as "Houston's Grover Whalen," Fred has also taken the lead in such projects as the Variety Boys' Club, which recently was praised by FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover for its work in combating juvenile delinquency.

With his infectious grin and fast pace, Fred Nahas has made himself an integral part of Houston and radio, and it looks like it's only the beginning for this fellow who's a whiz at everything. At present his talents are dipping into television and a new channel in Houston that shows promise of a big, bright future—as big and as bright, perhaps, as Fred Nahas's is and will undoubtedly continue to be.

Strong man Fred performs for wife Alice and offspring.

New Designs for Living

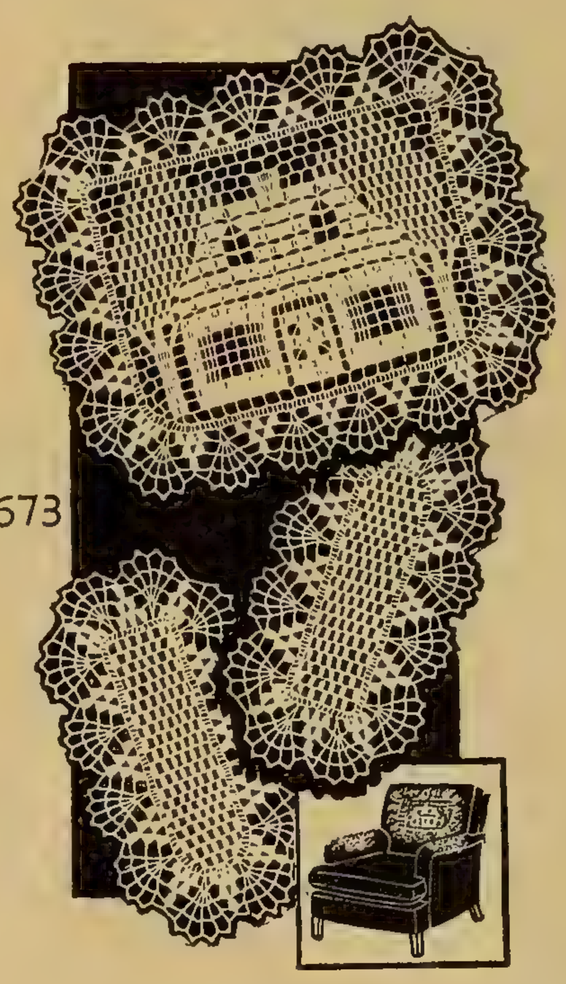
500

500 **Shrug this little chill-chaser over all your clothes—it's light, easy, smart! Styled for fuller figures, no fitting worries. Crochet directions for small (36-38), medium (40-42), large (44-46) included. 25¢**

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS IN YELLOW, RED, BLACK

7060

7060 **Popular old-time auto designs in yellow, red, black, to iron-on kitchen and guest towels, place mats, tablecloths. No embroidery. Washable. Transfer of six designs, each about 4½ x 4 inches. 25¢**



673

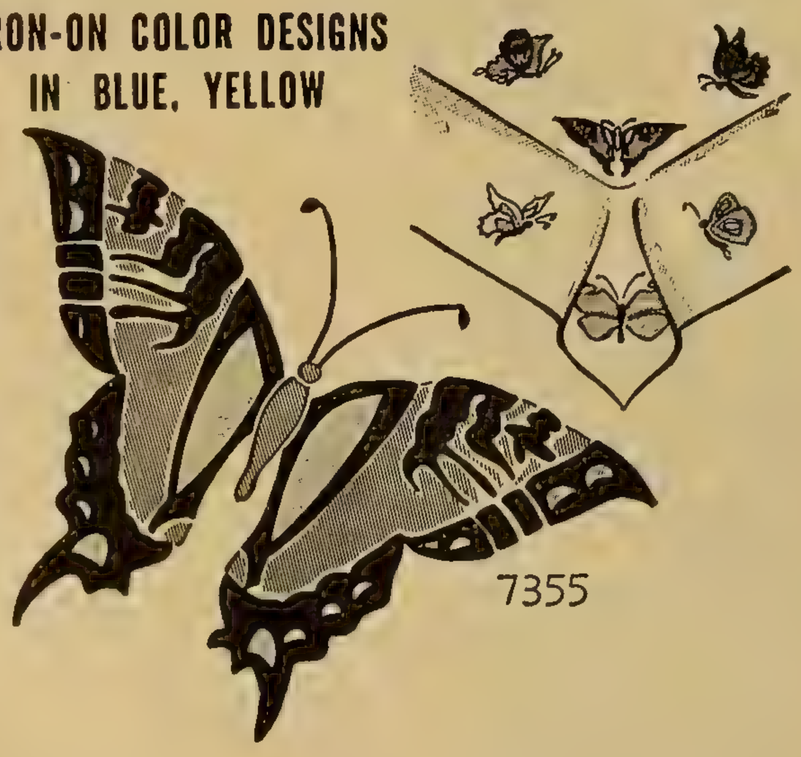
673 **A lovely design for a chair set or for your buffet. It's worked in plain crochet with petal-mesh. Crochet center, then add border. Use No. 30 cotton. Directions. 25¢**

7239 **Into the clown's tummy go the children's pajamas every morning—clever way to teach youngsters to pick up, put clothes away. Use scraps, the gayer the better! Pattern pieces, cutting guides, directions included. 25¢**

7239

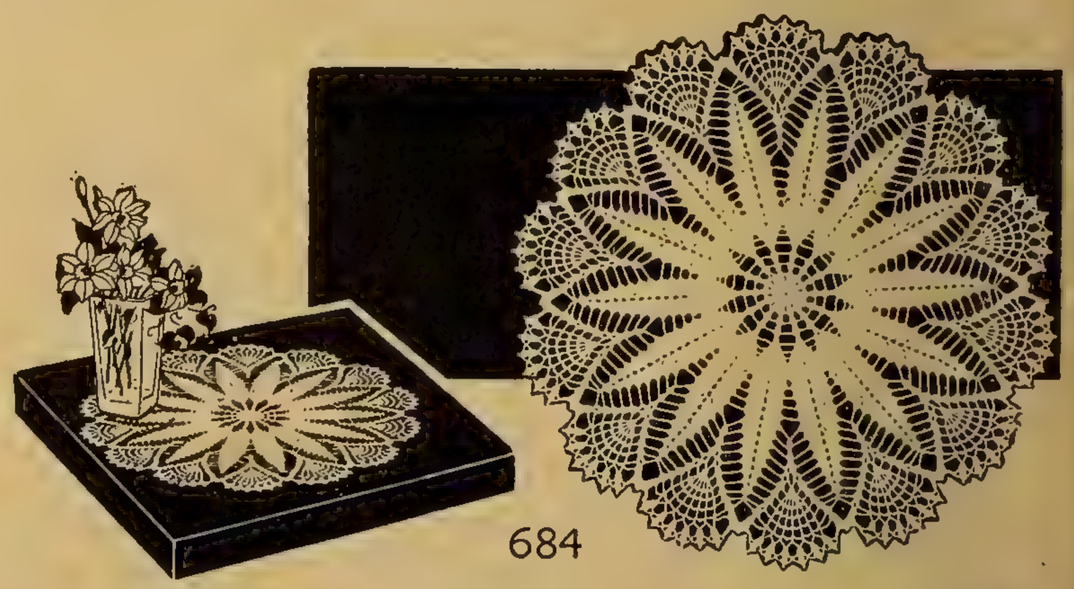
7355 **Iron-on butterflies in vivid yellow and blue—they'll look hand-painted! No embroidery. Washable. Transfer of 14 motifs: six butterflies about 3¼ x 4 inches, eight from 1¼ x 1¼ to 1½ x 3 inches. 25¢**

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS IN BLUE, YELLOW



7355

684 **Feathers-in-a-fan strike dramatic note in any living room—for buffet or luncheon sets, too! Crochet two doilies, 22 and 13 inches, in No. 30 cotton. Directions. 25¢**



684

Send *twenty-five cents* (in coin) for *each* pattern to: RADIO-TV MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Sta., N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add *five cents* for *each* pattern for first-class mailing.

YOUR NAME.....

STREET OR BOX NO.....

CITY OR TOWN.....STATE.....

Send an additional *twenty cents* for Needlecraft Catalog.

ANNOUNCING...GAY NEW

Playtex HAPPY Pants

Non-Allergenic... New Charm...
New Texture... Adorable Pattern...
Irresistible Colors!

5 Lollypop colors for a smart wardrobe choice! Mix and match with baby's every outfit.

PROVE IT—with your own hand! Stretch Happy Pants. *Prove* they simply can't cut circulation! They're off, rinsed, patted dry with a towel and on again...in *seconds!*

No baby pants more comfortable!
No baby pants more charming!

Nothing in this world compares with the dainty texture, colors and charm of these new PLAYTEX Happy Pants. Only PLAYTEX Happy Pants are made with actual texture, color and pattern *right in the tissue-like creamy liquid latex...can't fade, chip, crack or peel.*

The miracle-stretch material is so *sheer*—it's *transparent.* So strong—it stretches over *four* times its size! That's why it can't bind, chafe, irritate. Yet its protection is perfect!

Give your baby *what no ordinary baby pants will give*—the long-lasting, waterproof, *happy* comfort of cool-vented, flower-scented PLAYTEX Happy Pants. 98¢ ea., 3 for $2.94. At your favorite Department Store or wherever Baby Needs are sold.

More mothers buy **PLAYTEX**® than any other make!

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I dreamed

I rode in a gondola in my maidenform® bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's new Etude® in fine white broadcloth
or nylon taffeta, in AA, A, B and C cups . . . from 2.00.
There is a Maidenform for every type of figure®.

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ARTHUR GODFREY'S SONGSTRESS—

Marion Marlowe

By MARTIN COHEN

NO LASS at the age of twenty-three could have more. Marion Marlowe's assets include beauty, charm, a thrilling voice, plus substantial talent as a dancer and actress. As one of the Little Godfreys, she has been rewarded with fame and good fortune. But nobody knows the troubles she's seen. Until two years ago, Marion's dream ship had been riding rough seas. And then appeared that skipper extraordinary, ex-merchant mariner Arthur Godfrey

Before Arthur, there were three people who meant as much to Marion as life itself. From the time she was a toddler—and it wasn't much later that she got started in show business—these three gave her

See Next Page

Everyone knew Marion was talented and beautiful—everyone except Marion

Every day seems like Christmas to Marion, now that she's one of the Little Godfreys, along with Tony Marvin and Haleloke. (But, better than any gifts she receives herself, she loves giving things to her faithful family.)

encouragement and love, and gave up personal luxuries so that Marion might have the chance to study music and dancing.

The story begins not many years ago. It was on March 7, 1930, that Marion was born in St. Louis. When her father died a few years later, Marion and her mother lived with her maternal grandparents. Their home was in the old north section of St. Louis. It was a modest frame house with a bit of a yard that boasted a variety of rosebushes, her grandfather's special delight. And it was here that Marion grew up.

Marion's mother was a ballerina who danced professionally with the Metropolitan Opera. She will tell you that Marion had rhythm from the beginning, so much so that she often wiggled out of her diapers when she heard music. At the age of four,

---

Marion Marlowe sings on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, M-F, 10-11:30 A.M.—CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-11:30 A.M.—for the Kellogg Company, Kleenex, Snow Crop, Esquire Boot Polish, Star-Kist, Toni, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, and Chesterfield; *Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed. 8 P.M., for Toni, Pillsbury, and Chesterfield; *The Arthur Godfrey Digest*, CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Fiberglas. (All EST.)

Arthur Godfrey's Songstress—Marion Marlowe

Marion began to study voice, dramatics, ballet, tap, and creative dance.

"My folks had to pinch pennies to make it possible," Marion says. "They never went out to dinner. No movies. They bought new clothes only when it was a necessity."

Marion's grandfather, whom she has always affectionately called "Bullfrog," worked in a steel mill. He had started out as a screw boy—something akin to a messenger—and worked his way up to the top job of superintendent of the plant. But his income was always moderate, allowing for few "luxuries."

"My earliest wish was to do something for them," Marion recalls. "As a child, I dreamt of becoming rich and giving them a mansion by the sea."

Marion's first public performance was at the age of five, singing "Ave Maria" at the grand Moolah Temple in St. Louis. She was paid ten dollars for this. What she remembers best is her first formal dress: pink with ruffles all the way to the hem. And that same evening the folks presented her with a corsage of pink rosebuds. (*Continued on page 79*)

Marion wouldn't believe what a glamorous picture she makes, singing duets with Frank Parker!

My own awkwardness as a youth, my own desire to "belong," makes me particularly interested in the Boys' Clubs around Chicago—and makes it a pleasure to entertain members at the special camp site on the grounds of my summer home.

Everyone wants to

That interest began in 1934, when we "picked up" a party Babe Ruth gave young visitors at the Yankee training camp.

THIS IS NOT a sports story, although it's going to start out with a baseball game. The place that game was played was Sheboygan, Wisconsin, between St. Clement's Primary and the First Ward School. As I recall it, the score was 7 to 6 in favor of St. Clement's, and it was the last half of the ninth inning, with First Ward at bat. The tying run was on third and the winning run on second base, with two out, when the First Ward batter popped one up to left field. It was the kind of fly ball you could catch in your shirt pocket, but the skinny stringbean (*Continued on page* 94)

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club is heard on ABC Radio, Monday through Friday, from 9 to 10 A.M. EST, as sponsored by Swift & Co., Philco Corp., and The Toni Co.

A bachelor reads, plays Scrabble with James O'Connor and other friends (David introduced the game to the *Helen Trent* cast).

Helen Trent's Romantic Man

and gardening, is a handy man around the house. Thinking of marriage? Well . . .

By
FRANCES KISH

LISTENERS to *The Romance Of Helen Trent* know Gil Whitney as a man who has been hopelessly in love for years, in love with Helen herself. Although married now to the scheming Cynthia—a loveless marriage into which Cynthia persuaded him—Gil still remains the one person Helen turns to when in trouble.

The man who plays Gil—who gives the role his own depth of understanding, his kindness and sentiment, is a good-looking six-foot bachelor named David Gothard, who in real life has had scant time for romance. And his co-workers on the radio program don't approve of this state of affairs at all.

"It seems such a waste for David not to be (*Continued on page* **99**)

David Gothard is Gil Whitney in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, for Hill's Cold Tablets and Aerowax.

MY FRIEND,

I think Red is a terrific guy.

One of the best. A natural.

But what a worrier!

By ELLIOT LAWRENCE

When I first met Red, he was rehearsing "The Ho Ho Song," with his hand around one ear. I sat at the piano and—well, we're still doing that song!

Red has an amazing instinct about what's "right" for him, whether it's a bit of comedy, a line of dialogue, costume, set, or make-up.

RED BUTTONS

Helayne, his wife, understands Red's worrying and follows his performances on the show with keenest appreciation.

I THINK Red Buttons is a terrific guy. One of the best. Natural. Kind. A loyal, generous friend. An immensely talented and experienced performer. And a worrier. What a worrier!

I perhaps know Red a little better than some who work with him—because, in addition to being musical director of the *Red Buttons Show,* I work with him on all his recordings. (I never saw a fellow as untrained in music as Red who has such a natural "feel" for it. Nor anyone who could flip through a recording date so fast and expertly.)

He's a big success now, record-wise and TV-wise, but Wednesdays through Monday nights he never stops worrying. Tuesday, after the television show is finished, he's an entirely different person. Relaxed. Happy. Spending the day with Helayne, his wife, taking her out to dinner, maybe to the theatre, maybe going to the fights, which he's crazy about. Maybe just sitting around enjoying their apartment, which he's also crazy about. (It's bright and cheerful and handsomely decorated, with a magnificent view of the East River and the Queensborough Bridge which connects Manhattan to Queens, Long Island, and it's completely air-conditioned in summer, and has a terrace where they can sit out under the stars or stretch out on sunny days.)

Red and Helayne are my (*Continued on page* 86)

Red Buttons Show, with Elliot Lawrence as musical director, on CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Instant Maxwell House Coffee.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

Some way, Gene Williams must be

YOUNG Dr. Jerry Malone slowly removed his hospital gown and shrugged his way into his business coat before opening the door to the hospital corridor. He knew, before he heard the click of the latch behind him, that facing Crystal Williams was going to be one of the most difficult things he'd ever have to do in his life. He could still hear her voice when she was under the anesthetic and he was bringing forth the child which he knew meant so much to her—an anguished plea for Gene to be with her, for her husband to share this moment which should have been such a glorious one for her. . . . Even as Jerry stopped to chat with one of the nurses who was regaling him with a tale of her patient in Room 505, his mind was on Crystal's still white face as she caught her first glimpse of the child she had borne. A face that tried to be brave, tried to hide the hurt and bewilderment in her soul. Jerry knew that, if Crystal was to have a chance—if her child was to get a real start in life—as a doctor, if not just as a human interested in the welfare of a good friend, he had to help Gene understand his own short-comings, understand what a burden he was placing on Crystal and their child. Jerry had seen too many tragedies result from emotional instability—Gene's own mental upsets have already caused many—not to know that Gene could be helped as others had been in the past. Gene had already lost his job at the factory and then, to make matters worse, instead of trying to help himself, he'd walked out on Crystal just when she needed him most. . . . Even with his hand on the door to Crystal's room, Jerry paused. *Medicine teaches you that there is help available for everyone—but I wish more people realized that they can really help themselves.* It was as if Crystal had read Jerry's thoughts as he came through the door, for her face radiated a smile and her voice was bright with good cheer. As he took her hand and gave it an encouraging squeeze, Crystal said, "I hope I didn't make too much of a fool of myself—I seem to recall having some conversations about Gene just as I went under. But I've been going over things in my own mind and I just know that everything can come out all right. It has to come out all right, with you helping me—with everyone being so kind. You will help me, Jerry, won't you?" Jerry smiled quickly and released her hand. With a professional air, softened by his grin, he replied, "Yes, I'll help. In the meantime, you are under strict doctor's orders to do no more worrying—you're to spend the next few days painting the future of a human being which you want to be the happiest that ever lived. Your child deserves this, and I shall insist upon it." Crystal laughed for the first time in weeks. "Yes, doctor!" And, as if she were whispering a prayer, she added, "God willing, Gene will come back and help me make it so."

Young Dr. Malone, CBS Radio, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST; sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Crisco and Joy. Sandy Becker and Eileen Palmer are pictured here in their roles as Jerry Malone and Crystal Williams.

made to understand that he can help himself—and his wife

Triumphant triumvirate of today's *Jackie Gleason Show* (opposite page): Audrey Meadows, Art Carney and Jackie himself. Not so long ago—about 1945—Jackie was throwing his weight around the Broadway stage, co-starring with such musical luminaries as Gertrude Niesen (seductive in slit skirt) and Frank Parker (dignified in Navy blues).

BIG-HEARTED JACK

Everything about Gleason is larger than life—his heart, his purse, his dreams

By JANE WELDON

BIG-HEARTED Jack. It's a label most people won't quarrel with. Because everything about Jackie Gleason is slightly more than life-size. His heart, his bulk, his budget, his rent, his overcoats, and his underwear. When he was growing up, even his dreams were huge. . . .

Go back to Brooklyn in 1916. Herkimer Street and Rockaway Avenue. The day's February 26th. And John Clemens Gleason is getting himself born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gleason. It's a tough neighborhood; it's a cold day. A lot of his early life is destined to be tough and cold. . . . (*Continued on page* 87)

Jackie Gleason Show, on CBS-TV, Sat., 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Schick Electric Shavers, Nescafe Instant Coffee, Sheaffer Snorkel Fountain Pens.

Graduation day: Young Jackie was just a speck—with a speculative look—in the Class of January '31 picture at P. S. 73.

My Son, LIBERACE

Faith in God saw us through the tragic days when it seemed that Lee might never play again!

By MRS. FRANCES LIBERACE

"YOU'LL HAVE TIME for everything else, if you have a little time for prayer."

My mother said that, when I was a little girl, and I've remembered it all my life. It sustained my faith and carried me through the desolate periods that seem to come so suddenly in everybody's life: the sad time of my husband's death; the long period when I was left alone to raise my four children—George, Lee (whom you know as Liberace, but whose full name is Walter (*Continued on page* 98)

The Liberace Show can be seen in most major cities of the U.S. Check your local paper for time and station.

He enjoys music, his new home, his dog Suzette —and gives me more credit than any human could claim for saving his hands when doctors despaired.

Lee ("Liberace") was only seven when the great Paderewski gave him this miniature golden piano.

For George (at right), it has always been the violin—and I couldn't be prouder of either son.

NOTHING'S EASY

Jack Webb has found many a difficult detour on his road to fame and happiness

By FREDDA DUDLEY

Like Joe Friday, Jack believes in hard work and thorough preparation, never admits that a case can't be solved—somehow.

DURING THE DAYS when Jack Webb was a student at Belmont High School in Los Angeles, his friend Chuck Anderson organized a pick-up band of fellow Belmontites. Jack was retained as emcee to introduce each number, giving some background information about the tune and in general adding to the interest of the melody and its performance.

The band did very well in a sub-income sort of way. Although it was much in demand for school parties and occasional fraternal affairs, the average take for an evening was around 85¢ to $1.00 per man. In an effort to step up their buying power, the combo—loyally abetted by Chuck's father—decided to cut a series of records and mail them on an advertising basis to the program chairmen of various social groups.

The day of the platter-cutting was a larynx-parched one for all members of the band. Even the juiciest were dry, and those most recently progressed beyond adolescence were insisting (in falsetto) that everything would be all right. The cuttings were to be done in an old dance studio converted into a concert hall by the simple device of hanging ancient rugs from ceiling to floor. This gesture toward better acoustics added little to the cheer of the room or the confidence of (*Continued on page* 89)

Jack Webb stars in *Dragnet*—heard on NBC Radio, Tues., 9 P.M.—seen on NBC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M.—both EST, for Chesterfield Cigarettes.

Baby Lisa knows that Daddy Jack is really quite different from the "matter-of-fact" police sergeant he plays on *Dragnet*.

Private Secretary Ann Sothern finds relaxation with daughter Tish (bangs), niece Christina (pigtails), and Rufus (with poodle cut).

"the Lonely Years

By JERRY ASHER

WE ARE looked out for, if we have faith and put ourselves in God's hands. The way will be shown."

Ann Sothern, whom audiences know as Susan MacNamara, *Private Secretary*, says this with all the conviction the human heart can hold. She knows it's true, because she was put to the test . . . not necessarily out of choice—she was driven by desperation. So often in life, Ann believes, the rewards are waiting. But first we must open the door ourselves to receive them.

Fate, in the form of a prolonged illness, was the master hand that revolutionized Ann's thinking world and endowed her with a new-found philosophy. While she was lying flat on her back for three long, lonely years, there was nothing *but* time for taking mental inventory. The result was Ann's manifold appreciation for daily blessings which she had taken for granted—until they grew beyond her reach.

"There are compensations even in a serious illness," (*Continued on page 97*)

Private Secretary, CBS-TV, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Lucky Strike Cigarettes. (Every third week, the *Jack Benny Show*—same time, same sponsorship.)

Tish tries out still another hairdo on her doll.

taught me!"

Ann Sothern appreciates the daily blessings she once took for granted

We were not too young for love

GORDON AND I KNOW THE ECSTASY—AND HEARTACHE—OF EARLY MARRIAGE

By SHEILA MacRAE

We always knew it was show business for us—and now we're a backstage family. From left to right: Meredith, myself, Heather, Gordon, and "Gar."

THOSE KIDS are too young to get married," I heard the TV producer say. "Just because one can sing and the other can dance, they think they're in love. It takes more than a 'high C' and a high kick to make a marriage. I'll bet they don't last out the season!"

He was partly right. It *does* take more than a high C and a high kick to make a lifetime of happiness. It takes common backgrounds and common goals. What the producer didn't know was that those two kids had it. They'd been in the theatre all their lives. They knew where they were going. Besides, they were youngsters, and I personally believe in young marriages.

Under today's conditions, I think that young marriages have a better chance of working out. That's because young people have more stamina. They've got hearts like golf balls—hard on the outside and resilient on the inside. They can stand up under the iron blows of our modern world and bounce back without showing any scars. They also have shorter memories. For teenagers, time and sad experiences move with jet-propelled speed and are soon forgotten.

I know that, when Gordon and I were married, I was seventeen and he was just twenty, and

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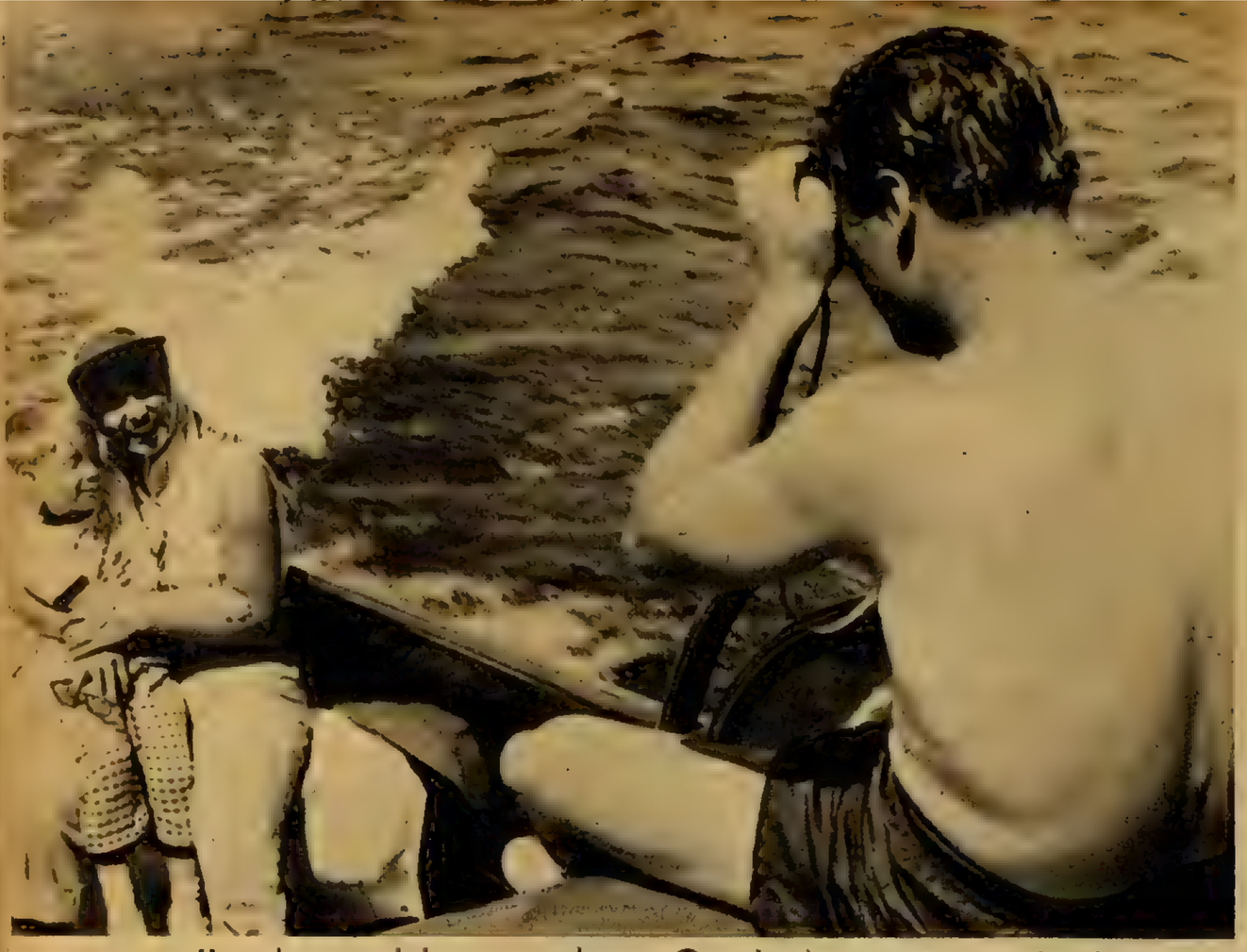
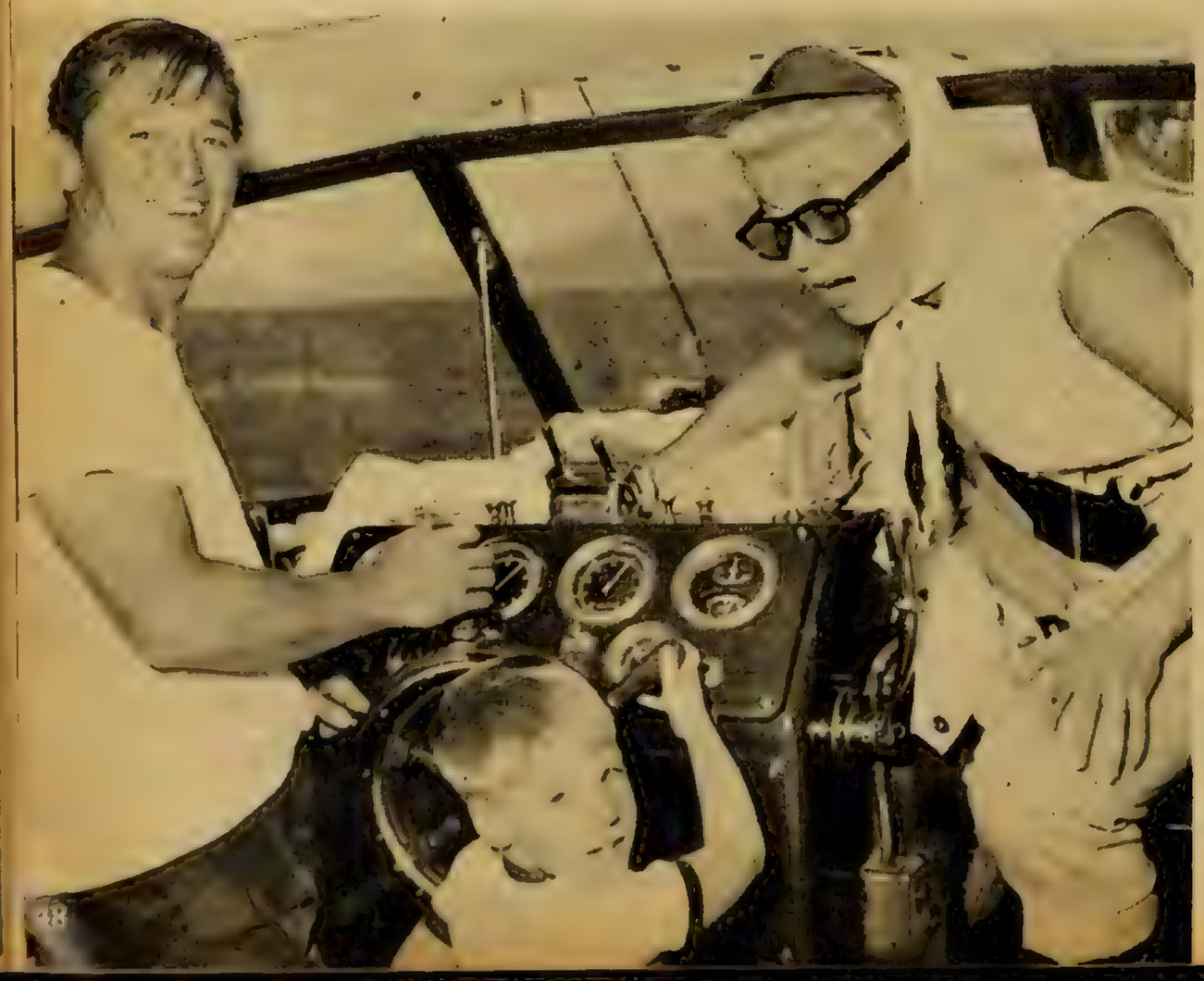


I've learned how to share Gordon's pastimes. In fact, we all go in for sports, and Gordon takes pictures to prove it!

Fishing, boating—or golfing—it's all great fun, so long as we're together. Below, young Gar thinks he's "steering."



We were not too young for love

naturally we had problems to adjust to. To begin with, both our parents were against our marriage like Sherman vs. Lee. They wanted us to wait a year—till Christmas at least. But Gordon and I have always felt that, if you want to do anything, *now* is the time to do it. So we went ahead and got married.

Like the two youngsters on the TV producer's show, we had something of a common background to begin on. Gordon *knew* that he wanted to be an entertainer. In fact, when he was *six,* he knew he wanted to be a singer. Not a fireman nor a policeman —but a singer. At eight, he was on the radio and, at twelve, he was emcee of his own show.

I WANTED to be in show business, too. I wanted to be a dramatic actress one day, a writer the next, and maybe a designer the third. I didn't know *what* I really wanted, but I knew I'd find myself somewhere in show business. So we had that much in common.

However, that's where the likeness ended. It turned out that Gordon's personality and mine were as opposite as two ends of a seesaw. He was a complete extrovert, easy-going, happy-go-lucky, and carefree. He was the leader of the crowd and always had ideas as to what we should do. And he never thought before he spoke.

On the other hand, I still wanted to be a dramatic actress. I have always felt dramatic actresses have different personalities than singers and entertainers. I was shy and introverted. Everything I knew, I'd gotten out of books. Then we joined Horace Heidt's band. Right off, my books tagged me as a "square." The band's reaction was: "Ah, what do those guys know with their books!" Music was a business they knew well. But poetry and romance held no interest for them.

In this new situation, I grew resentful and unhappy . . . resentful, because we had not had a honeymoon yet, and I felt that the band was an intrusion . . . unhappy, because of our ages—we were the youngest members of the band—and we felt out of place. With five shows a day, six on Saturday, packing every Wednesday and moving every Thursday, I grew insecure. In addition, I was interested in my books and Gordon spent his spare time on the golf course. I had been looking

Here's how the youngsters got into the act with Gordon and me—singing (or giggling) three choruses of "Doggie in the Window." They did it so well that Gordon complimented them quite sincerely before they trotted off to bed.

for romance in show business—but, instead, I'd found it was all business, one I didn't fit into.

Because of my big problem—shyness—I never stayed out front with the band. Instead, I sat backstage and waited for Gordon. But I couldn't escape the music. The eighth-notes and half-notes rained on my ears like an eternity of frightening thundershowers. And I couldn't escape the crowds. I didn't understand them and I feared them. Every night, when we went out the front exit, they pushed around us like a mad herd of buffaloes, snatching at our sleeves and asking questions for which I was too young to have the answers.

"What do you do? (*Continued on page* 95)

Gordon MacRae is singing star of *The Railroad Hour*, which is heard on NBC Radio, Mon., 8 P.M., EST, as sponsored by the Association of American Railroads.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT is a

Night before Christmas, we gather 'round the fireplace—daughters Chris and Laurie, my wife Barbara, and son Gary—to hear the wonderful story of the Nativity, with its inspiring messages of love and peace on earth and good will to all men.

Living Thing

By RALPH EDWARDS

It's a time for joy,

a chance to share all things

with everyone

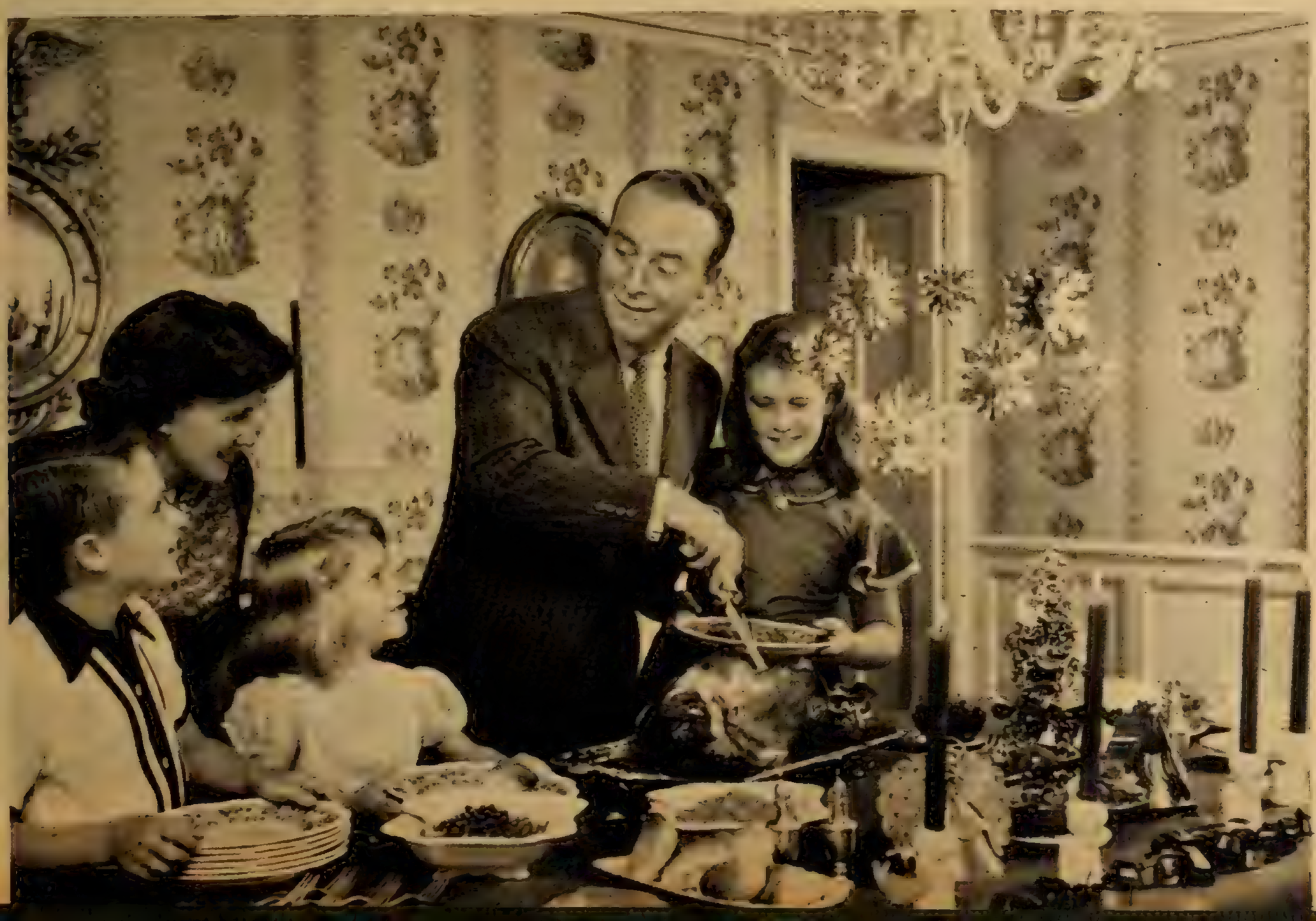
SOME PEOPLE say "Christmas is for *kids,*" and their derisive tone of voice indicates they are fed up with the commercialized aspects of Yuletide presents and parties.

Let's face it. The fun part of Christmas *is* for children. But the warm joyousness of it is a family affair. Don't most of us remember our childhood Christmases as being (*Continued on page* 71)

Ralph Edwards emcees *Truth Or Consequences,* NBC Radio, Thurs., 9 P.M., for Pet Milk Co., and *This Is Your Life,* NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M., for Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick. Both EST.

The children carefully plan their gifts to others.

Yuletide bird of honor, from savory roasting to serving-time, is the turkey (it was a goose, in my own farm boyhood).



Ray Milland once

Today, Ray has found in himself the things that make life an exciting adventure

By JAMES ATWATER

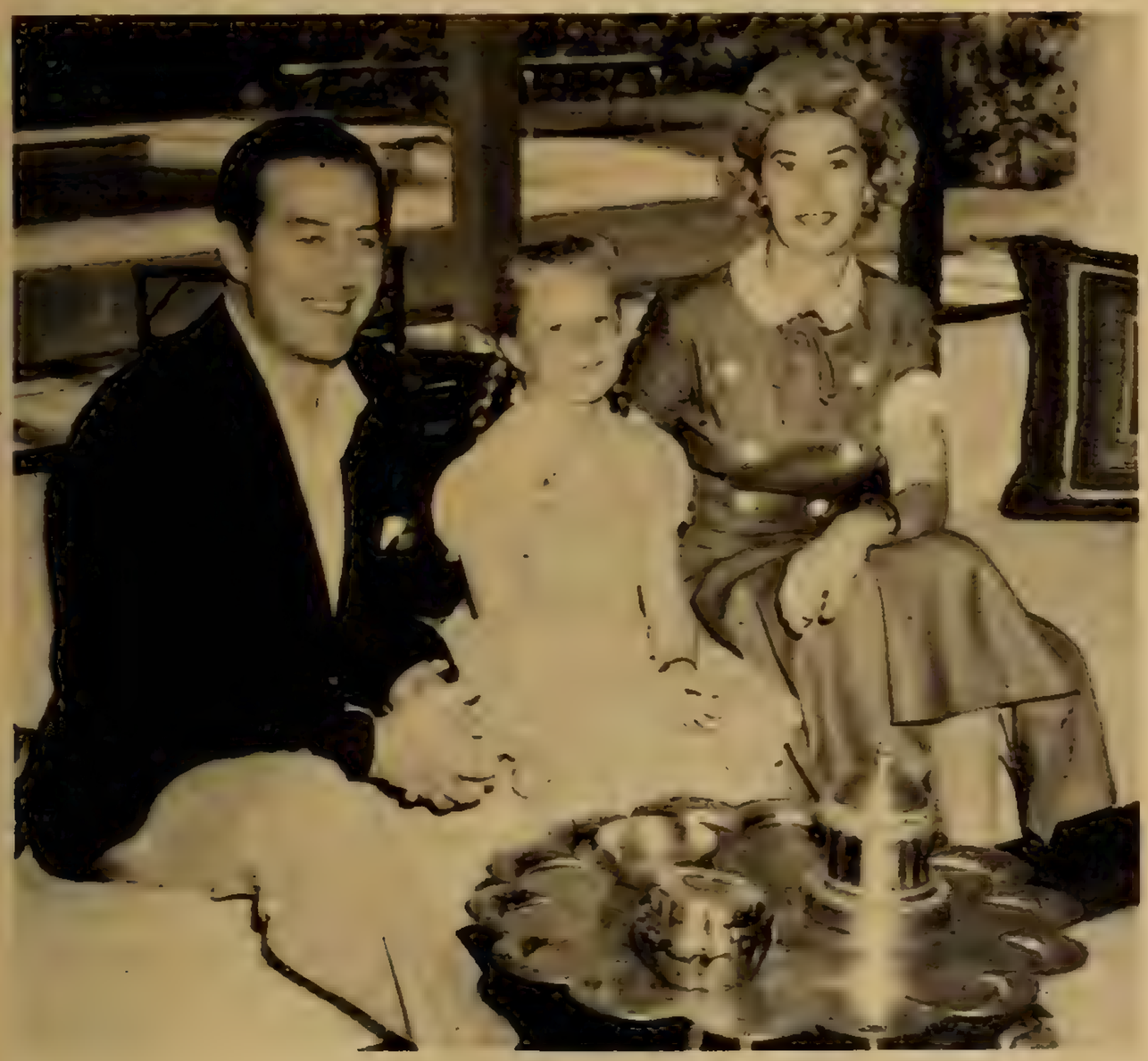
IN NEATH, County of Glamorgan, Wales, where Ray Milland was born, the boys are sturdy and stocky, but not particularly tall—except in special cases. Ray was a special case.

At ten, he towered head and shoulders over his classmates. Instead of thinking it a distinction, however, he was consumed with abhorrence because he attracted attention. He felt different—and he didn't want to feel different.

One Sunday (*Continued on page* 101)

Meet Mr. McNutley, starring Ray Milland, every Thurs.—on CBS Radio at 9 P.M.—on CBS-TV at 8 P.M.—both EST, sponsored by General Electric.

It's a new home, a new outlook, for the Millands—Danny, Ray, Vicki, Mal—since Ray solved the riddle of his "aloneness."



Like the professorial Mr. McNutley, Ray prizes fine books and first editions—but also enjoys helping Vicki with her reading.

walked alone

Ma Perkins

MA PERKINS

There is no happiness without faith

THE GENTLE FACE of Ma Perkins, with its frame of gently waved white hair and its revealingly humorous, bright eyes, reflects a woman who has lived richly and gained much from experience. This morning, as she busied herself with making her morning coffee, Ma was in a reflective mood. Evey, her first-born daughter, had given Ma Perkins her second grandson, Jackson Perkins Fitz, and now Fay's marriage to Tom Wells meant that Ma's second daughter would face the miracles that come from love and companionship in marriage—and also the trials that must necessarily be faced by any two people who struggle to make their way in the world. . . . If Ma had a philosophy which she could sum up in one sentence, it would probably be: "There are two forces in the world—the force for good, the force for evil." In order to live richly, to wrest from life the best, every person must have a faith in the essential goodness of people.

CONGRATULATIONS
TO MA PERKINS

December, 1953, is the 20th anniversary of the network debut of *Ma Perkins* and her Rushville Center friends!

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Ma Perkins.....Virginia Payne
Shuffle Shober.....Charles Egelston
Willy Fitz.....Murray Forbes
Evey.....Kay Campbell
Fay.....Joan Tompkins

Orin Tovrov is the writer who records the stories of Ma and Rushville Center.

Ma Perkins, over CBS Radio, M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble's Oxydol.

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1 With Evey married and Fay about to wed, Ma Perkins wants her daughters to draw strength from her own philosophy of life—*there must be abiding faith in the essential goodness of human beings.*

See Next Page ▶

MA PERKINS

Strongly fortified with the common sense which makes everyone in Rushville Center appeal to her in times of trouble, Ma Perkins had done a noble job of communicating her philosophy to her two grown daughters. . . . Both Evey and Fay have seen their mother, with just the rare weapons of tolerance and patience, struggle against the forces of evil and defeat them. Too, they've seen her take unto herself every experience, learning from it, enriching her life because of it. However, without Ma Perkins' experience, neither Evey nor Fay has yet learned that despite day-to-day difficulties and defeats and despairs, life is completely worthwhile. It was this last fact that bothered Ma as she foresaw that, in the future, both her daughters would be called upon again and again to face serious crises and overcome them. . . . Looking back over the past few months' events, however, Ma smiled her reassuring smile—the girls were learning, she felt, deep in her soul. Evey, for instance—she had been worried to distraction because her husband Willy Fitz had been accused of stealing $400 from the cash drawer in Frank Hoffman's hotel, where he'd gone to work in order to earn extra money for the newly expected baby. Evey had almost lost faith in everything when Willy became frightened at the charge and ran away. . . . Ma Perkins remembered the times when Shuffle—dear, wonderful Shuffle, who's seen Ma through so much—talked over what could be done. Of course, it had been Shuffle who finally succeeded in bringing Willy back home. What joy they had all felt when Jackson Perkins Fitz was born to Evey! A feeling of security had descended upon the household when Willy got a new job selling insurance; the baby was well and healthy and Evey could look Ma in the face once more without bursting into tears of shame. . . . And then there was Fay, for whom Ma wished all the happiness in the world. Every girl goes through some of the moments of anguish that assailed Fay in her romance with Tom Wells. Tom had all the temperament of a novelist, and, thank goodness, Ma thought, all the talent. Then there had been Tom's New York literary agent, Deena Carter, who had pursued Tom openly, even back to Rushville Center. Doesn't every girl face a rival for her man's heart at some time or other, Ma thought to herself! And, with

2 For Evey, life has brightened with the return of her beloved husband Willy after so much false accusation and misunderstanding.

3 In fact, with the birth of their second son, Jackson Perkins Fitz, Evey feels that no woman could ever be happier than she is now.

4 Fay is glowing these days, too, with the unfolding miracle of her approaching marriage to Tom Wells. Busy with her trousseau and wedding plans; Fay buries the heartaches caused by Deena Carter's determined pursuit of Tom, hopes to gain the assurance and serenity with which Ma Perkins has always faced life and the appearance of evil.

See Next Page

MA PERKINS

5 Fay has always taken such a keen interest in Tom's writing and developing his promising literary career, Ma Perkins is sure she will be a true helpmeet to Tom.

6 It is with pleasure Ma Perkins begins addressing the wedding invitations—but is it a warning premonition that stays her hand as she prepares to write one name?

Deena, once she'd understood that Tom was not for her, she had willingly returned to New York City and her work. . . . Having wiped up the kitchen and put away the breakfast things, Ma sat down to address Fay's wedding invitations. As she wrote out the address of one of her oldest friends, she thought about the time that had elapsed since last they met. This wedding would be such a pleasant surprise to so many, Ma mused, as she went on with her task. Ma Perkins thought with pleasure of the trousseau Fay had bought, of the honeymoon trip she and Tom were planning to New York, as she placed one name in particular on an envelope—it was almost as though she were having a premonition. Then, shrugging her shoulders, she thought: The forces of evil can't be present at a time like this; we must have faith in human beings, faith in the future. . . . But was Ma's premonition really the foreshadowing of coming events—events in which she and her two daughters, as well as their loved ones, will have their faith tested to the utmost? Time reveals all things and, at the moment, time holds fast to its key to the future.

7 With the faithful Shuffle Shober by her side, Ma Perkins looks forward to a future which seems to promise nothing but happiness for all her nearest and dearest. Yet, from the wealth of her experience comes the knowledge that no one can ever be smug—somewhere around each corner lurks the danger of evil interference in the best of plans.

BARRY NELSON—

Favorite Husband

Decorating a home is something both Barry and Teresa love to do.

Men aren't really so helpless, says Barry—it's just that there are some things a wife can do better!

By BETTY MILLS

THERE'S no doubt about it, when Barry Nelson appears opposite Joan Caulfield in *My Favorite Husband* on CBS-TV, he suddenly loses his ability to reason out any situation. Some difficulty in understanding the English language (as his TV wife intends), some fumbling in the matter of finances, some inclination to become absent-minded at the most crucial moment, all these make for wonderful comedy but—around the house, the real-life house of the Barry Nelsons, it could be disastrous.

As a matter of fact, Barry Nelson refuses to bring his TV character home with him—his pretty wife, Teresa, wouldn't stand for it. Barry feels that, in his house, he's perfectly competent to find his way up the stairs with his evening newspaper without Teresa being there to guide him.

Barry and Teresa wouldn't be human beings, however, if there weren't small confusions arising every once in a while, confusions normal to married couples the world over.

Take the time Barry and Teresa were house-hunting in California, for instance. They'd come on a place with a lovely view (*Continued on page* 81)

My Favorite Husband is on CBS-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, under the alternate sponsorship of the Simmons Co. and International Silver Co.

Can't blame Barry for taking pains with pictures of his real wife, Teresa Celli—she's beautiful, too!

radio-TV mirror

VOTE TODAY

MAKE your voice heard. Use your vote. The annual RADIO-TV MIRROR Awards ballot offers you your only opportunity, in a recognized, nation-wide poll, to express your preference for your favorite radio stars, for your favorite television stars, for the programs that please you most on radio and on your TV screen. Cast your vote. Make your voice heard. And do it now. Fill out the ballots and mail them in, postmarked not later than December 11, 1953. You need not sign your name. Mail your ballot today.

Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television

(Write name of one star in each column for each classification)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO STAR (specify show on which star appears)	FAVORITE TV STAR (specify show on which star appears)
Singer (man)		
Singer (woman)		
Comedian		
Comedienne		
Daytime Serial Actor		
Daytime Serial Actress		
Dramatic Actor		
Dramatic Actress		
Quizmaster		
Master of Ceremonies		
News Commentator		
Sports Announcer		
Husband-Wife Team		
Western		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1396, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)

Awards for 1953-54

Vote for Your Favorite PROGRAMS on Radio and Television

(Write name of one program in each column for each classification)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM	FAVORITE TV PROGRAM
Dramatic		
Comedy		
Musical		
Daytime Serial		
Daytime (non-serial)		
Audience Participation		
Quiz		
Mystery		
Variety		
Talent Audition Show		
Women's		
Children's		
Western		
Best Program on Air		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1396, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)

VOTING in this, the seventh annual RADIO-TV MIRROR poll, will end December 11th, 1953. At that time, a staff of independent tabulators will go to work to add up the votes you cast for your favorites. Then the May issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR will carry the announcement of the winners, along with colorful pictures of the shows, exciting pictures of the winners, their families, and new stories on the people you've voted most popular. The only way your favorites can win the coveted RADIO-TV MIRROR gold medal is for you to use your ballot—mail it now.

Like any businessman living in the suburbs, Garry rides "commuters' specials" weekday mornings and afternoons.

Garry keeps strict "office hours," has important conferences with writer Bill Demling, assistant Shirley Reeser, and producer Herb Sanford.

a Human

Garry Moore's
as comfortable as an
old shoe—but
twice as shiny-bright

By ROBIN KLEE

IT'S THE simplest thing in the world," I said to Shirley Reeser, Garry Moore's Jill-of-all-trades, the other afternoon in her office. "Six years ago I did a story about Garry for RADIO-TV MIRROR—spent the best part of a day with him, and wrote my impressions. Since then I haven't seen him once. The idea is to check up on him again, now that he's so all-fired terrific on TV, and find out what time hath wrought with this guy. A cinch, hey?"

"I don't know what Garry was like six years ago," Shirley said, "but right now he's a businessman with about nine sponsors. He commutes from his house in Rye, keeps business hours from ten to five, and commutes out again to lead a pleasant home life with his wife and children."

"I beg your pardon?" I said, unable to believe my ears.

"Yes," she said firmly, "and, furthermore, his ruling passion is a 35-foot yawl called *The Red Wing*, which he sails constantly all summer and putters at all winter, and he has a springer spaniel named Sam. They *romp* together."

"If this is true," I said, "time has certainly (*Continued on page* 105)

Garry Moore emcees *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Cavalier Cigarettes. *Garry Moore Show*, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, for Masland Rugs, Hoover Vacuum, Cat's Paw, Ballard's Biscuits, Rit, Shinola, Purex, Swift-ning, Norge Refrigerators, Uncle Ben's Rice, Kellogg's Gro-Pup.

kind of guy named Garry

Being a celebrity is the one thing Garry's never quite got used to, but he can't help responding to people. He's just a natural kind of fellow, whether he's wearing shorts for comfort on his show or relaxing on his beloved boat, *The Red Wing*.

Harry Babbitt brought me back on stage to show what his program had done for me.

Glamour Girl!

I must look

How I first appeared on the show.

By

GRACELYNNE LEE

GLAMOUR GIRL is NBC's TV show that fulfills every American woman's dream of becoming glamorous. Life is very much like the dramatic masks of comedy and tragedy. If you are lucky enough to win on *Glamour Girl*, it's like throwing away the tragic mask and, from that day on, looking on life with a smile. It's a smile that springs from a newly gained confidence in yourself—in your new beauty and new charms. If you are lucky enough to win on *Glamour Girl*, you can expect a complete metamorphosis.

I know. It happened to me.

I had many reasons for wanting to be made glamorous. Of the two most important reasons, one was for myself and the other for my husband, Leland. (*Continued on page* 82)

Glamour Girl, with Harry Babbitt as master of ceremonies and host, is seen on NBC-TV Monday through Friday, at 10:30 A.M. EST.

My son Miles found picture books more exciting, during my session with Frank and Joseph, hair stylists. But, afterward, the look in his and my husband's eyes told me how completely my dreams had come true!

more like my American sisters—more than that, I longed to be beautiful in my husband's eyes

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

Sally watched in silent terror

A GREAT FEAR welled up inside of Sally, as she watched her husband stand in front of the audience at the Crystal Theatre—it was an audience of autograph fans, brought together through the efforts of Mildred Parker, the press agent for the theatre. As Sally stood in the wings, tensely waiting, listening for the terrifying sound of a gunshot, she reviewed the case in which David had become involved. . . . Two murders had taken place in plain sight of thousands in this very theatre. First had been the murder of Gary Cummings—handsome, famous bandleader, idol of millions—who had been giving a performance on the huge stage of the Crystal. He had been leading the band in a novelty number which featured whipcracks punctuated with music, and the sound of the shot had been taken for a whipcrack as he slid to the floor in front of the audience. . . . David had found the first clue—a slip of paper bearing Cummings' autograph. The angle of the bullet established that the killer had stood in the wings when he fired the shot. Mildred Parker had said that, shortly before the killing, she had escorted a large group of fans back to Cummings' dressing room before the performance—Cummings had given each his autograph before going on stage. David had told Sally that he figured the killer had mingled with the fans and thus gained access to the wings. . . . Sally had been with David when he met the first suspect—beautiful, glamorous Avis Harwood, a society girl whose reputation for thrills had led to shocking newspaper headlines. Avis's worship of Cummings had been the talk of the theatre when she got herself a job as an usherette in order to meet him and pursue him. Finally, Cummings had become annoyed with the headstrong girl's attentions, and she had been fired. Avis could have been tagged as a thrill-killer, but something about the whole case made both David and Sally hesitate. . . . The second suspect was Liza Redfield, hot-tempered girl singer with the band. Cummings had brought her to prominence from nowhere, and then threatened to send her back into oblivion unless she was "nice" to him. Liza had been heard to threaten to kill Cummings if he ever pulled such a dirty trick. (This information had been given to David by Dick De Marco, another famous bandleader, who once worked for Cummings.) Cartridges that fitted the foreign-make murder pistol had been found in Liza's dressing room. . . . The third suspect was Lester Jeffries, once a successful ar-

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Front Page Farrell, heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, sponsored by Chef Boyardee, Aerowax and others. Staats Cotsworth and Florence Williams are pictured here in their radio roles as David and Sally Farrell.

as her husband David faced death to unmask a ruthless killer!

Unknown to Sally and David, the murderess watched their every move as they pondered the clues David had found.

See Next Page

David had escaped the sandbag hurled at him—but De Marco was not so fortunate in eluding the killer's shots.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

ranger for name bands, now broke, out of luck, and out of work. He hated Gary Cummings because he claimed the bandleader had used him to become famous, then thrown him out. Jeffries had been friendly with Liza Redfield, and had attacked David on a street corner while David was shadowing the singer. The murder weapon had been found in Jeffries' room, but he claimed he took it from Liza to help her out—and Liza claimed that Avis had tossed it into her dressing room after the murder. . . . Meanwhile, both Avis and Jeffries had been annoying Dick De Marco—she, for an unknown reason; he, for a job. De Marco had been afraid to open his engagement at the Crystal, but decided to go through with it. Watching backstage, David had almost been killed when the crazed Jeffries dropped a weight from the flies—and, during the excitement, Dick De Marco had been slain mysteriously, shot in practically the same manner as Gary Cummings. Liza, Avis, and Jeffries were all in the theatre, and any of them might have done it. . . . David had found De Marco's autograph backstage. Over his signature, it read: "With Best Regards—to Avis." A strong case now existed against Avis as a thrill-killer, but Liza was still under suspicion, and so was Jeffries, who had disappeared. And so, tonight, Mildred Parker, the press agent, had arranged a meeting of fans in the theatre. . . . David was speaking from the stage. Sally, terrified that the killer would strike at him there, listened intently. Suddenly, David provided the big surprise. He announced publicly that he knew who the killer was! The fans mobbed him and clamored for his autograph, while Sally stood helplessly by in the wings, fearing the "autograph killer" would strike once again. But nothing happened. . . . Later, someone got hold of David's autograph and used it to forge a note gaining admission to the Farrell apartment in David's absence. However, by this time, David was ready, and he and Sally used this as a trap to catch the killer. Mildred Parker was the murderess! She was Gary Cummings' wife, but he had insisted that they keep their marriage secret to preserve his popularity. Mildred had killed him out of jealousy because he played around with other women—and she killed Dick De Marco because he was the only one who knew about their marriage. At first, she had intended to throw the blame on Liza, whom she hated. Then Avis had dropped the autograph accidentally, touching off the whole business of a thrill-killing, and Mildred had decided to play along with that by writing Avis's name above De Marco's signature and dropping it deliberately at the time of the second murder. . . . After the case was over, Sally couldn't help but snuggle up to David with a heartfelt sigh of relief—her husband was safe, and home had never looked lovelier.

Christmas Spirit Is a Living Thing

(*Continued from page* 51)

"best"? And then, when we have children of our own, isn't there a recurrence of that joy in their enjoyment?

The true meaning of Christmas, of course, is religious. It is the greatest gift of all. The ever-new divine tidings of peace on earth and good will toward men is the light and hope of our troubled world, and as we hear them repeated we feel more staunch in our faith.

We all have a need for the fundamental values of Christmas. I remember last year hearing a little crippled girl in a children's hospital say with great sincerity, "God is very close to us at Christmastime." Certainly this is the time to give thanks for our good fortune, for kindness of man to fellow man, a time to give thanks for the security and warmth and love in family life.

To me, Christmas is a family day.

Christmas is not merely giving, it is sharing. Sharing is so much bigger; it involves thought and time and even dreams—more than money.

Such sharing was the basis for my happy childhood Christmases. Until I was twelve, we lived on a farm three miles out of Merino, Colorado—population 149. There was little money for presents. But Mother had such wonderful imagination and inspired Dad and my two older brothers, Carl and Paul, and me to all sorts of lengths—to share. Our family celebrations were happy, joyous, mellow.

We had plenty of snow there; the country wasn't hilly and picturesque like New England, it was prairie, and we had king-sized blizzards. There were only three rooms in the farmhouse, and every year our Christmas tree, which we often cut ourselves, filled about half the main room, truly a "living room." It's a wonder it didn't start a fire, for we used real candles—we never did have electricity on the farm. But we were careful.

For days ahead, we three boys made popcorn and cranberry strings and paper chains for the tree. Then, on Christmas Eve we trimmed it, sang carols, and we had the ritual of Dad's putting out a big washtub full of hay for Santa's reindeer, right by the front door. And Mom would put out pie and coffee on the table for Santa. They were all gone by daybreak. And we were convinced that Santa surely had been there, for the food had disappeared and there were sleigh tracks in the snow.

I can't remember much about presents we received then. They were, as you can imagine, utilitarian, with very few toys. We made our own fun without many toys, spurred on by Mother's imagination. We were always a great game-playing family.

But one present I remember clearly. Paul had started to play basketball and I felt, if I had a pair of basketball shoes,

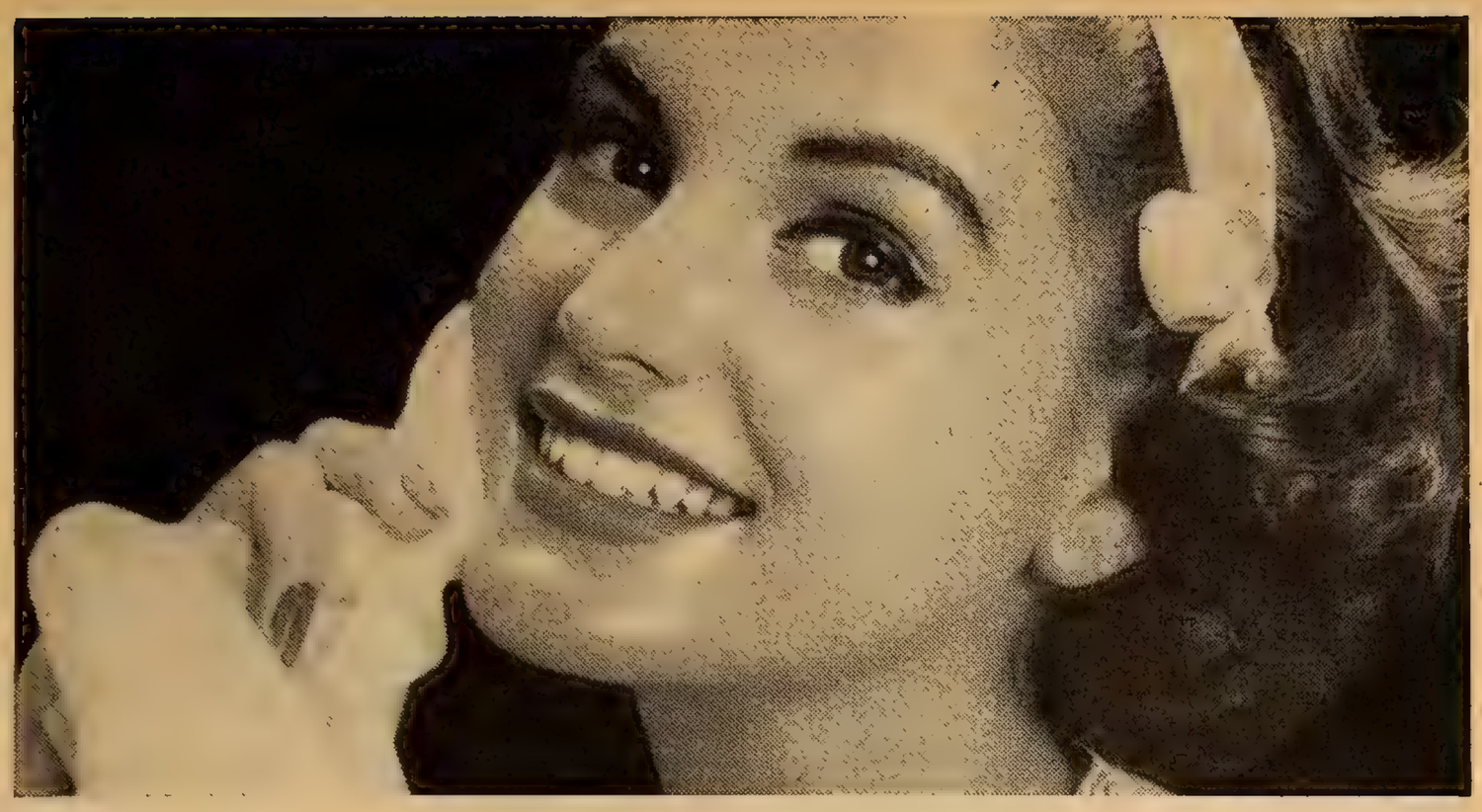
(*Continued on page* 74)

A DATE TO REMEMBER:

Your newsdealer will have your copy of the January

RADIO-TV MIRROR on sale December 9

Be sure to get it!



"It was fascinating to see the change in my skin!"

Your skin can look very nearly perfect

"Never saw my skin look so clear!"

No more muddy, "pore-y" look!

If your pores are looking large, your skin looking dull—skin doctors will tell you that you haven't been cleansing your skin properly. You must get out the dirt that works into pore-openings—and hardens and *sticks*. Your first Pond's Cold Creaming will show you it does more than the usual, superficial clean-up. For Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed to soften and *float* out embedded dirt. Your skin is made fastidiously clean and *shows* it—with a clearer, fresher, *finer* look.

"What a wonderfully silky feel!"

It makes rough skin look so smooth!

Every day—skin-softening oils and moisture are stolen from your skin by dry indoor heat, outdoor exposure, by normal tensions and fatigue. You must replenish these softeners every day or your skin looks dry, coarsened—takes on an *older* look. Each Pond's Cold Creaming *gives back* to your skin the oils and moisture your skin needs to look velvety smooth, have a young suppleness.

"What a difference in my skin now!"

The quickest, easiest, surest treatment—it works wonders!

1. Circle Pond's Cold Cream *briskly*—up, out—from throat to forehead. This frees embedded dirt. Stimulates circulation. Tissue off well.

2. Now—a snowy "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. This time, tissue off *lightly*—leaving a little invisible cream to soften and protect your skin. Get Pond's Cold Cream in the *large* jar today—nicer to dip into and, compared with the small jars, you average a *third more cream* for your money!

The Duchess of Sutherland says: "I *always* use Pond's Cold Cream. I don't know a better cleansing cream in the world."

The Princess Murat says: "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin glowing, so *smooth*. It's my most necessary beauty help."

R M

Come in, America...

you're welcome every evening!

PERRY COMO

MADELEINE CARROLL

GEORGE SANDERS

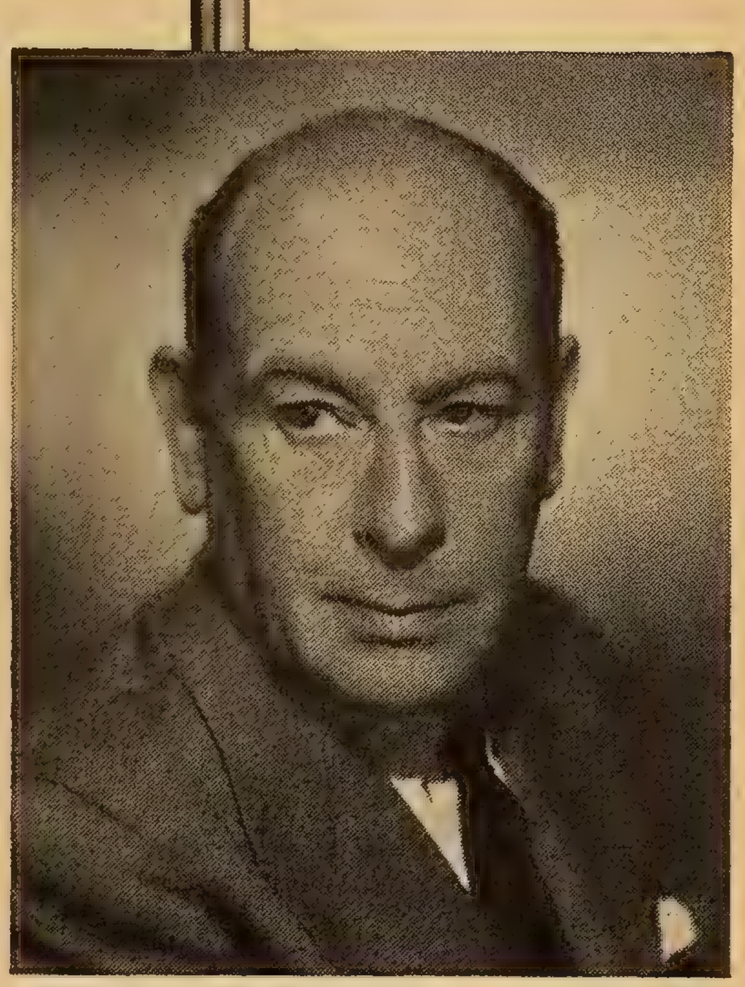
Mickey Spillane's Mystery

GABRIEL HEATTER

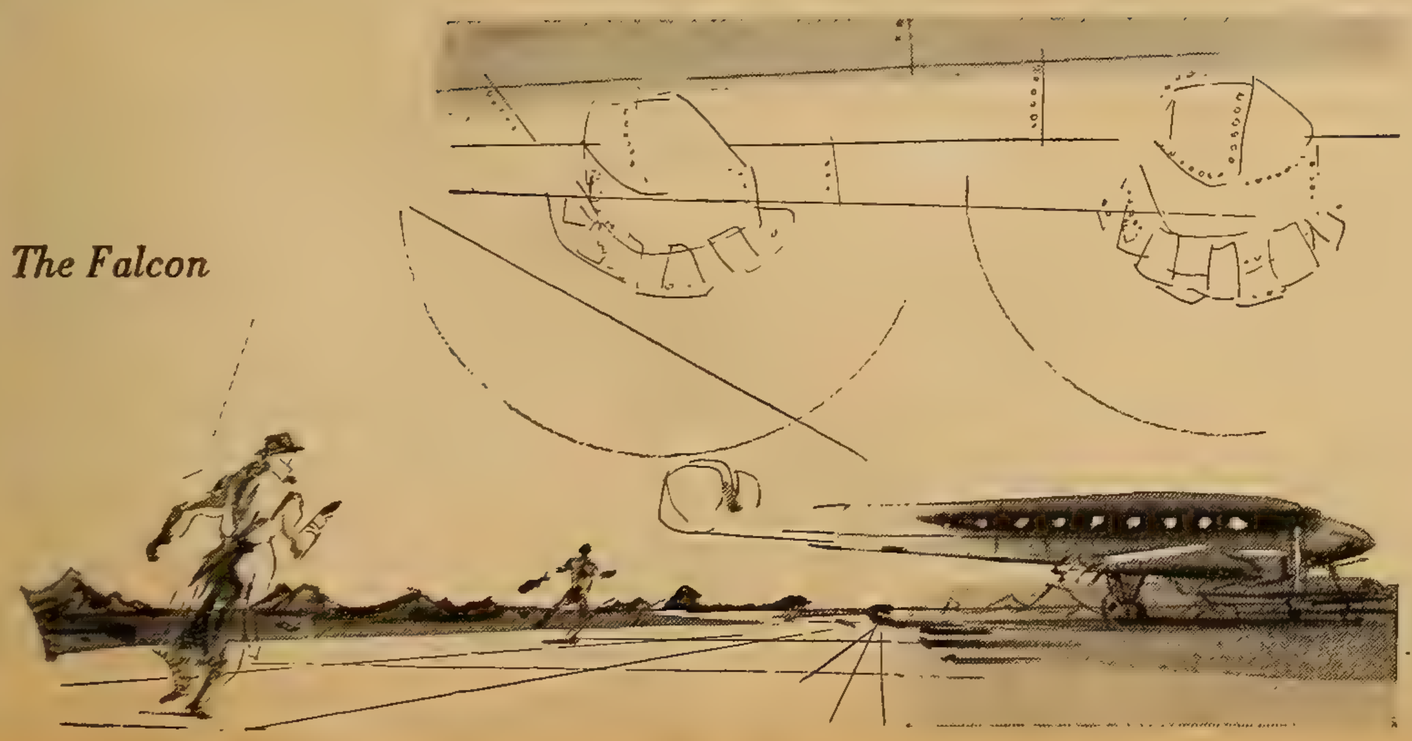
Tonight, and every evening, as families throughout the 48 states mark a daily reunion in kitchen and parlor, most of them include *radio* in the doings. And to all the millions tuned to the nearby *Mutual* stations, every night marks a better-than-ever program lineup. Established favorites, sure: Gabriel Heatter...ace-high mystery and drama...news-in-the-making everywhere. But now hear what's been *added*—for *your* greater enjoyment: The matchless music of PERRY COMO...the tingling suspense of "COUNTERSPY"...GEORGE SANDERS in "High Adventure"...SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE in "Bulldog Drummond"... PETER LORRE in "Nightmare"...MADELEINE CARROLL in "Starlight Theatre"—these are a few of the fabulous new productions which now enable your *Mutual* station to bring you "the biggest improvements in all radio today"...*tonight*. Stay tuned to MBS and enjoy it. You're welcome!

PETER LORRE

Counterspy



SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE



The Falcon

For MBS schedules in your town, see local listings—and for exciting news of whats new on MBS in the daytime, see the 3-page message elsewhere in this issue.

See how

Soda serves more ways than any other household product

You'll find baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) saves you time, work and money in more than 101 ways. Keep a package in the kitchen to make light of dozens of household chores . . . a package in the medicine cabinet for first aid and dental care.

An economical tooth powder! Brush your teeth regularly with bicarbonate of soda (baking soda). It's the most economical tooth powder you can use . . . cleans your teeth *thoroughly, safely*. Soda neutralizes enamel-eating acids and removes bad breath that starts in the mouth.

A soothing gargle and refreshing mouth-wash! To cleanse throat and mouth, dissolve one or two teaspoons of soda in a glass of water and gargle. Soda helps *sweeten breath*, leaves your mouth feeling clean . . . so "wide-awake" fresh.

New handy size with metal pour-spout!

Now—you can get Bicarbonate of Soda in specially designed, water-repellent package, just the right size for your *medicine cabinet* . . . convenient for *travelling*, too! Available in health and beauty aids departments of grocery stores.

A Household Treasure

Why buy a number of different products to do a number of different jobs when baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) does them all and costs only pennies a box?

Arm & Hammer and Cow Brand Baking Soda are pure Bicarbonate of Soda, U.S.P. Write for **Free Booklet** on the many uses of soda to Church & Dwight Co., Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York 5, New York.

R M

(*Continued from page 71*)

perhaps I, too, could play. So I asked Santa for the shoes. I received a pair with a note explaining that these were for *football!* What they were, really, was a pair of practical school shoes, which I happened to need at the time. But I always *felt* they would be fine for football—if I played. And it didn't occur to me until years later that the handwriting in the note was remarkably like Mother's.

Her glowing imagination would bring us a touch of Christmas throughout the year, too. One time, there suddenly appeared on our table a very fancy new kerosene lamp with big red roses painted on the globe, and beneath it a note that said it was from Santa to all the Edwardses. That was in July!

We of course went to church, and my brothers and I performed, as all kids seem to, as "wise men" and "angels" in the Nativity plays. Then, on Christmas Day, there was always a big family celebration at our house or some relative's. Turkey on a farm was common, so, to make the day more festive, there would usually be a big, plump goose as an extra—and all the wonderful smells, including mince pie. Family, feast, fun—all this was part of our lore and why I feel so strongly that Christmas is a family day.

We moved to Oakland, California, when I was thirteen, and from then on, until I was eighteen, I always was involved in producing the Christmas plays, or being Santa Claus, at St. Stephen's Methodist Church. I became known as such an enthusiastic Santa, though young, that when I was seventeen I was offered five dollars to play St. Nick at a movie theatre in Burlingame one Saturday afternoon.

That, I thought, would be great, and an easy fee to earn. So I reviewed all the games I could play with the kids in the audience (the *Truth Or Consequences* influence was already creeping in, I guess) and borrowed the Santa suit from the church. On arriving at the theatre, I asked the manager how much time he wanted me to take on the stage.

"Oh, you'll just stand outside at the door and shake hands with the kids as they come in!" he assured me. And that's what I did, all afternoon. It was a hot day. My hat was made of red crepe paper. Perhaps I overdid my exuberance. Anyway, I began to perspire, the dye in the paper began to run down my face and several moppets began to cry, "Santa is bleeding!" I made my five dollars, but the games would have been easier.

From eighteen until I married Barbara and we had our children, there was, admittedly, a lull in my enjoyment of Christmas—and my appreciation of the day. Now it all takes on that old glow, through our children's glowing eyes.

Our home in Beverly Hills has electricity and comforts. But we make just as much fuss over trimming the tree and putting up decorations as we did back in Colorado when I was a sprout. And, inasmuch as Barbara's Christmas background was similarly steeped in family happiness, you can see the double-barreled effect it has in our home.

The children—Christine is 11, Gary, 9, and Laurie, 7—have always been taught to share, even with the decorating, which they love.

As we did on the farm, they help trim the tree and are given "levels" which they can reach without pulling over the whole production. For days they, too, string popcorn and cranberries and make paper chains, although we also have other ornaments.

The tree is truly a family project. Barbara selects the tree itself—always so large it must be cut 'way down and it still fills the entire bay window and reaches to the ceiling, even after being truncated. Then I put on the lights. Next the children fill in their levels with ornaments, with Barbara and me putting on the top part which they can't reach. Then we all have a hand in throwing on the "icicles."

In addition, the children pin popcorn with bacon tips on the outdoor evergreens for the birds. And we leave pie and coffee out for Santa on the fireplace. Here in California, we have no snow and no need for a bucket of hay for the team, but somehow the ashes in the hearth are always disturbed by Christmas morning.

Every family makes its own traditions for Christmas. Ours have many facets, but trimming the tree and putting up the other decorations, including a Nativity scene—all of which take several evenings—are a major part. We also sing carols on Christmas Eve. The kids and Barbara all sing well, and I even join in with my fog horn. Barbara and Chris both play piano, Gary doubles on guitar and violin.

A note to myself: I must take the kids out caroling with me this Christmas Eve. I've just remembered, writing all this, how much fun it was caroling up in Oakland. Now that the kids are old enough, I think we'll all go out and give the Crosby clan some competition!

I'm not quipping. We are very serious about all this, but joyous. Everything we do, we do together. Christmas is a family affair in which we blend religion, good will—and sharing.

Since earliest childhood, our kids have been taught to share. They realize there are some children less fortunate than they, in a material way. They have learned—not only at home but at school and church—to share their possessions with less fortunate children each Christmas. They do it very willingly. We never press them; we never need to. Gary, particularly, is hurt and becomes sad thinking about other kids who are not so happy as he is. But they all are aware of the spirit of Christmas.

So sincerely do I feel that Christmas is a family affair that, whatever my radio and TV schedule, I *make* time to participate in our family preparations. Actually, I have two families, because the people with whom I work are family, too. I mention this humbly, because I feel this is the spirit of sharing. I feel that remembering people is not enough; the way they are remembered is important.

Most people, it seems to me, are thinking about doing something kind or thoughtful for someone else at Christmas. Giving and sharing. Family is basic in this precept, for this is the very best time of the year for families. But it goes beyond that. I'll give you an example.

Just before last Christmas, we learned that Miss Atha Graffort, age 75, of Olney, Missouri, had raised 95 children, all orphans or from broken homes. At that time, she had fourteen to be fed and housed and clothed, three of them legally adopted but all living with her. So, on *Truth Or Consequences*, I made the simple suggestion that anyone so inclined might send a can of food to Miss Graffort. That was all.

But Miss Graffort received enough food to keep her brood for four years—whole sides of beef, cases of food—and money enough to see them all through high school. Our listeners had made Miss Graffort and her adopted children *their* family. They believed that, by their interest in her family, it became their family.

This is as all the world should be at Christmas time—and we should all consider that Christmas should be with us 365 days of the year

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45		Local Programs Gabriel Heatter[1]	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker†	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Drier, News Victor H. Lindlahr News, Home Edition Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Bob Hope Break The Bank— Bud Collyer	Cecil Brown Music Box 10:25 Star Spotlight News 10:35 Spotlight On Food Anniversary Spotlight	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Modern Romances Paging The Judge Double Or Nothing 11:55 Turn To A Friend	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00		Curt Massey Time	Turn To A Friend (con.)	Wendy Warren
12:15		Capitol Commentary with Baukhage	12:25 Jack Berch Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		12:25 Guest Time 12:55 Music Box	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Pauline Frederick Reports Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster 1:25 News Luncheon With Lopez 1:55 News	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	 Dave Garroway Jane Pickens 2:55 News, Banghart	Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Mac McGuire Show[3] Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker† 2:35 Jack's Place	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News, Everett Holles	Jack's Place (con.) Jack's Place (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Wizard Of Odds
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	News, Baukhage Welcome Ranch, Vic Bellamy	Jack Owens Show 4:25 Betty Crocker† Music In The Afternoon	Robert Q. Lewis 4:05 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson[3] Wild Bill Hickok[4] 5:55 News, Cecil Brown 1 M, W, F; 8:55, T, Th 2 T, Th—Paula Stone 3 T, Th—Sgt. Preston 4 T, Th—Sky King	Big Jon And Sparkie Westernaires Lum 'n' Abner John Conte †M, W, F; T, Th—Beth Holland	News 5:05 John Faulk Sunshine Sue Curt Massey Time

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	 Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Dwight Cook Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Drier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah Junior Miss Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone 	The Falcon Counter-Spy, Don McLaughlin	Henry J. Taylor Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	Suspense Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America 	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Put It To Pat Reporter's Roundup	Celebrity Table	Lux Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Rosemary Clooney	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show Eddie Fisher 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Virgil Pinkley, News Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Freedom Sings	Vaughn Monroe News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	 Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Drier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Hazel Markel Gabriel Heatter Titus Moody 7:50 Bonnie Lou	Vandercook, News Elmer Davis Starr Of Space 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddie Fisher Dinah Shore Barrie Craig 	That Hammer Guy High Adventure, George Sanders	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dragnet News 9:35 Frankie Galahad	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Put It To Pat Search That Never Ends	America's Town Meeting Of The Air E. D. Canham, News	Johnny Dollar 21st Precinct
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? G. I. Joe 	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys State Of The Nation 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill 10:35 United Or Not	Louella Parsons Doris Day Robert Trout, News 10:35 Cedric Adams

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	 Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah Junior Miss Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile Quiz Great Gildersleeve 	Deadline Bulldog Drummond, Sir Cedric Hardwicke	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	FBI In Peace And War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:35	You Bet Your Life Big Story 	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Put It To Pat Family Theatre	Philco Playhouse Mystery Theatre	Onstage Crime Classics
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Jason And The Golden Fleece 	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show Sounding Board 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Latin Quarter Orchestra	Broadway's My Beat Robert Trout, News 10:35 Cedric Adams

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	 Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. 3 Suns & Betty Clooney Gabriel Heatter Titus Moody 7:50 Bonnie Lou	Vandercook, News Elmer Davis Starr Of Space 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best 	Official Detective Nightmare, Peter Lorre	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	Meet Millie Rogers Of The Gazette
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:35	Truth Or Consequences News Eddie Cantor Show	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Put It To Pat My Little Margie	George Jessel, Salutes	Meet Mr. McNutley Time For Love, with Marlene Dietrich
10:00 10:15 10:30 	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Jane Pickens Show	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Eddie Fisher 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Orchestra	The American Way, with Horace Heidt Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	 Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah Junior Miss Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddie Fisher Dinah Shore Bob Hope Show 	Movie Quiz Starlight Theatre, Madeleine Corroll	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Stagestruck
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show News 9:35 House Of Glass	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Put It To Pat Great Day Show	Ozzie & Harriet Corliss Archer 9:55 News	Stagestruck (con.) Duke Of Paducah
10:00 10:15 10:30 	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Bob McKenzie	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orchestra 10:55 News, Singiser	Cavalcade Of Sports Music For Relaxation News Of Tomorrow 10:55 Edwin C. Hill	Capitol Cloakroom Robert Trout, News 10:35 Cedric Adams

Inside Radio

Saturday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Howdy Doody	Local Programs	News Summary	Renfro Valley
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business My Secret Story		No School Today	News Of America Garden Gate Robert Q. Lewis
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Woman In Love Mary Lee Taylor Show	Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc	No School Today Space Patrol	Galen Drake Robert Q. Lewis Let's Pretend
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	The Big Preview Modern Romance	Coast Guard 11:25 Holland Engle, News Farm News Conference	Front And Center Little League Clubhouse	News, Bill Shadel 11:05 Grand Central Station Give And Take

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News 12:05 Dude Ranch Jamboree Coffee In Washington	Man On The Farm Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Theatre Of Today Stars Over Hollywood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm And Home Hour News	Music Ruber Mercer	Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	Fun For All City Hospital 1:55 Galen Drake
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Football	2:25 Headline News Football	Football	Football Roundup Football (con.)
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Football (con.) Football Roundup Ask The Sport World	Football (con.) 5:55 H. B. Baukhage	Football (con.) Club Time	Football (con.) At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News H. V. Kaltenborn NBC Symphony	Dance Orch. Country Editor Preston Sellers	Labor And Management Sports, Bob Finnegan Una Mae Carlisle	Sam Jones, Politics UN On Record Sports Roundup News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	NBC Symphony (con.) NBC Lecture Hall	Al Helfer, Sports Pentagon Report Down You Go 7:55 Cecil Brown	Disaster Strikes John MacVane, News Dinner At The Green Room	Johnny Mercer Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	College Quiz Bowl TBA	20 Questions Virginia Barn Dance	ABC Dancing Party	Gunsmoke 8:25 Win Elliot Gangbusters
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Know Your NBC's Grande Ole Opry	New England Barnyard Jamboree Lombardo Land	ABC Dancing Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style
10:00 10:15 10:30	Eddy Arnold Show Pee Wee King Show	Chicago Theatre Of The Air	At The Shamrock Orchestra	Country Style (con.) News, Ed Morgan

Sunday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Jack Arthur		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Roundup We Hold These Truths Carnival Of Books Faith In Action	Elder Michaux Back To God	Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	Music Room World News Roundup E. Power Biggs Organ Concert
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Art Of Living News, Peter Roberts	Radio Bible Class Faith In Our Time	Message Of Israel College Choir	Church Of The Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Faultless Starch Time Viewpoint, U.S.A. U. N. Is My Beat	Frank And Ernest Bromfield Reporting Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir News, Peter Hackes 11:35 Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Sammy Kaye The Eternal Light	College Choirs News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	News Gloria Parker Time Capsule	News Story, Bill Costello Howard K. Smith News, Costello
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Mind Your Manners Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Fred Van Deventer Lanny Ross Show Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth National Vespers	Twentieth Century Concert Hall Syncopation Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Better Living Clinic Report On America	Bandstand, U.S.A. Wings Of Healing Dixie Quartet	Healing Waters U. S. Military Band Wings Of Healing	Symphonette N. Y. Philharmonic Orchestra
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Golden Treasury Golden Voices, with Lawrence Tibbett	Top Tunes With Trendler Mr. District Attorney	Marines In Review Lanny Ross Hour Of Decision	N. Y. Philharmonic (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air	Under Arrest Dear Margy, It's Murder 4:55 Ed Pettit, News	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	The World Today, Don Hollenbeck Music For You
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air (con.)	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	News 5:05 Evening Comes Greatest Story Ever Told	Godfrey Digest Quiz Kids News, Bill Downs 5:55 Cedric Adams

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Considine Ask Hollywood NBC Star Playhouse	Nick Carter 6:25 Cecil Brown Squad Room	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News George Sokolsky Don Cornell	Gene Autry Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	NBC Star Playhouse (con.) The Marriage	Rod And Gun Club 7:25 News Little Symphonies	What's The Name Of That Tune? This Week Around The World	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hollywood Story 8:25 News The Six Shooter	Hawaii Calls Enchanted Hour 8:55 News	American Music Hall	Bing Crosby My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Stroke Of Fate 9:25 News Royal Theatre—Laurence Olivier	Jazz Nocturne How's The Family	News, Taylor Grant Call Me Freedom	Hallmark Playhouse Edgar Bergen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Last Man Out Meet The Press	London Studio Melodies Music Of The People	Paul Harvey Alistair Cooke Outdoors, Bob Edge	Man Of The Week News, Ed Morgan 10:35 UN Report

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8 NOVEMBER 11—DECEMBER 10

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 8
Make way for dawn and Garroway with news, interviews, film reports, assisted by Lescoulie, Blair, and Muggsie.
9:00 A.M. Morey Amsterdam Show • 4
Goggly-eyed Morey with giggles, Francey Lane, DeLugg's music.
10:00 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)
Mr. America and his Little Godfreys' simulcast of radio show.
10:00 A.M. Ding Dong School • 4 & 8
Miss Frances with her nursery school for kids three to five.
10:30 A.M. Glamour Girl • 4
Harry Babbitt quizzes lasses striving for chance to be renovated from toes to tresses by fashion and beauty experts.
11:00 A.M. Hawkins Falls • 4 & 8
Day-by-day story of human events in a typical small town.
11:15 A.M. The Bennetts • 4 & 8
Blond, six-footer Don Gibson in trials of a young attorney.
11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 8
Help for those in need—up to $500. Kindly Warren Hull emcee.
11:30 A.M. Three Steps To Heaven • 4
Broadway actress Phyllis Hill as pretty hayseed in big city.
11:45 A.M. Follow Your Heart • 4
Story of society girl who longs for man who doesn't "belong."
12:00 Noon Bride And Groom • 2
Only quiz show on air where contestants know the answers and the quizmaster is a minister. So come to the wedding.
12:15 P.M. Love Of Life • 2 & 8
Peggy McCay plays the successful but compassionate careerist.
12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow • 2 & 8
Story of emotional growing pains that adults experience.
12:45 P.M. The Guiding Light • 2 (& 8 at 2:30 P.M.)
Herb Nelson stars in beloved, popular serial of radio-TV.
1:00 P.M. Journey Through Life • 2
Mister and Missus tell of incidents that contributed to happier, successful marriages. Tom Reddy, emcee-quizmaster.
1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 8
Garry's gang with a cheerful, funful, tuneful half-hour.
2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 2 & 8 (M,W,F)
Bert "Mr. Energy" Parks with his mile-a-minute quizerooney.
2:30 P.M. Linkletter's House Party • 2
Artful time with Art's quick quips, fascinating interviews.
3:00 P.M. The Big Payoff • 2 & 8
For women only—fantastic prizes in wardrobes, mink, trips abroad, but it's hubby or boy friend who takes on the quiz.
3:00 P.M. Kate Smith Hour • 4 (& 8 at 3:30 P.M.)
It's a glistening, golden moonful of entertainment that Kate serves up in her daily full hour of variety and music.
3:00 P.M. Paul Dixon Show • 5
Laughter and lilting songs (on record) with Sis, Wanda, Paul.
3:30 P.M. Bob Crosby Show • 2
Bing's brother Bob and the famous Bobcats and Modernaires.
4:00 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4 & 8
People on the move pause to visit genial Tommy Bartlett.
4:30 P.M. On Your Account • 4 & 8
Win Elliot as friendly banker "lends" money in $10-$100 quiz.
7:30 P.M. Kathryn—Dinah—Eddie • 4 & 8
Mon., gracious Kathryn Murray with capsule-sized variety; Tues. & Thurs., lush thrushin' by Dinah Shore; Fri. & Sat., Eddie Fisher with heartfelt songs that go to your head.
7:45 P.M. Perry Como—Jane Froman • 2
Old and new hit tunes, rapturous and rhythmic. Perry palpitates Mon., Wed., Fri.; Froman frolics Tues. & Thur.
7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 8
Get together with Swayze for brisk report of day's events.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Jamie • 7
Tender, touching story of an orphan, starring Brandon DeWilde and featuring well-known Ernest Truex and Polly Rowles.
8:00 P.M. Burns And Allen Show • 2
Gracie's stupendous stupidity makes for stupendous hilarity.
8:00 P.M. Name That Tune • 4 & 8
Melody quiz with Vicki Mills, quiz-musicmaster Red Benson.
8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
Arthur gives wings to performers grasping for star billing.
8:30 P.M. Voice Of Firestone • 4 & 8
Weekly festival of great music featuring truly great voices.
9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 8
Rib-tickling fun as Lucy balls up the works for hubby Desi.
9:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4
Tenor Dennis doubles in laughter as befuddled bachelor.
9:30 P.M. Red Buttons Show • 2 & 8
You may pop a button as Red rocks you with comedy sketches.
9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
From farce to melodrama, Mr. M. guarantees fine story telling.
10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 8
Excellent full-hour video theatre. Felix Jackson at the helm.
10:30 P.M. My Favorite Story • 4
Debonair Adolphe Menjou is narrator of thirty-minute films.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Cavalcade Of America • 7
Stirring drama saluting famous events in American history.
8:00 P.M. Milton Berle—Bob Hope Show • 4 & 8
Miltie berles over with laughs and lavish variety. Every fourth week (Nov. 17) Hope bobs up with gags, gals, guests.
8:00 P.M. Life Is Worth Living • 5
Inspiring, non-sectarian talks with Bishop Fulton J. Sheen.
8:30 P.M. Red Skelton • 2
A whacky circus with one of the nation's favorite clowns.
9:00 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2 & 8
Stars entertain and get the business from Kaufman, Levenson.
9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Gene Raymond, handsome host to engrossing teleplays.
9:00 P.M. Make Room For Daddy • 7
Loved comic Danny Thomas in laugh-splashed comedy series.
9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 8
Doomed and bedeviled heroes in this shock melo-series.
9:30 P.M. Armstrong Circle Theatre • 4
Story time for the family with real, wholesome situations.
9:30 P.M. U.S. Steel Theatre • 7
Dynamic, distinguished drama, Nov. 24 & Dec. 7. Alternate weeks, more full-hour teleplays on *Album Playhouse.*
10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Dick Stark genial host to melodrama that generates suspense.
10:00 P.M. Judge For Yourself • 4 & 8
Variety and panel stuff starring sparring wit of Fred Allen.
10:30 P.M. Person To Person • 2
Inimitable, intimate interviews of famous by Edward R. Murrow.
10:30 P.M. The Name's The Same • 7
Robert Q's quixotic quiz featuring people with famous and amusing names. Panelists: Bill Stern, Joan Alexander, others.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Mark Saber • 7
Exciting mystery adventure. Suave Tom Conway in title role.
8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 8
The mighty monarch of TV with mighty wonderful variety show.
8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
King-sized laughs from Joan Davis and Jim Backus.
8:30 P.M. My Little Margie • 4 (& 8 at 9:30 P.M.)
Gale Storm, actually mother of three sons, plays breezy, glamorous Margie in comedy hijinks with Charles Farrell.
9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 8
People who deserve a break get it from helpful Warren Hull.
9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
High-rated, highly entertaining full-hour, live teleplays.
9:30 P.M. I've Got A Secret • 2
Garry Moore tries to keep it while Audrey Meadows, Faye Emerson, Henry Morgan, and Bill Cullen try to make him tell.
10:00 P.M. Blue Ribbon Boxing • 2 & 8
Tomorrow's headline sport news. At ringside, Russ Hodges.

TV program highlights

10:00 P.M. This Is Your Life • 4
Emotion-packed bios of living persons. Ralph Edwards, host.
10:30 P.M. Douglas Fairbanks Presents • 4
Jaunty Doug hosts and sometimes stars in stories filmed for TV.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Meet Mr. McNutley • 2
Ray Milland as harried professor in laugh-situation series.
8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 8
Contestants earn real $$$ while reeling to Groucho's wit.
8:30 P.M. Four Star Playhouse • 2
Hollywood stars take turns at lead roles in original teleplays.
8:30 P.M. Treasury Men In Action • 4
Fast-paced dramatizations of actual cases handled by T-Men.
8:30 P.M. Where's Raymond? • 7
Ray Bolger, great dancing comedian, in new musical-comedy.
9:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 8
From Hollywood, star-cast teleplays that really satisfy.
9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4 (& 8 at 8:30 P.M.)
Jack Webb spins one for criminals in his famed police series.
9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Crusading newsman (Pat McVey) in high-charged adventure.
9:30 P.M. Ford Theatre • 4 & 8
Highly recommended dramatic fare cast with Hollywood stars.
9:30 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 7
Full-hour dramatic presentations, original or adapted stories.
10:00 P.M. Playhouse On Broadway • 2
Drama series from N.Y.C. with top stars of stage—screen.
10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 8
Brown-eyed Mark Stevens, in title role, whammies killers.
10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 (& 8 at 11:00 P.M.)
James Daly stars as overseas reporter in high-tension drama.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
Stu is in one and put there by partly domesticated family.
8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 8
Peggy Wood, Judson Laire in heartwarming family series.
8:00 P.M. Dave Garroway Show • 4
Dave's so-casual and so-great variety with Skitch Henderson.
8:00 P.M. Ozzie And Harriet • 7
The beloved, delightful Nelsons' story of their own fun.
8:30 P.M. Topper • 2
Thorne Smith's frivolous tales videolized with Leo Carroll.
8:30 P.M. Life Of Riley • 4 & 8
Tough and tender William Bendix stars in this happy series.
8:30 P.M. Pepsi-Cola Playhouse • 7
Hollywood-made drama with that living "Dahl," Arlene, hostess.
9:00 P.M. Playhouse Of Stars • 2
Name stars in teleplays adapted from famous short stories.
9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 8
Absorbing dramatizations of true experiences of reporters.
9:00 P.M. Pride Of The Family • 7
Broadway star Paul Hartman as bluff, bewildered family head.
9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
Eve Arden in madcap adventures of a swirly schoolmarm.
9:30 P.M. TV Soundstage • 4 & 8
Live from Manhattan studios, unusual, tingling teleplays.
9:30 P.M. Comeback • 7
Georgie Jessel presents one-time greats attempting comeback.
10:00 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
Marie Wilson's mirthful role of a beautiful, brainless steno.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade Of Sports • 4 & 8
Jimmy Powers is at the mike with the weekend's fistic event.
10:30 P.M. See It Now • 2
Ed Murrow's imaginative, stimulating video news magazine.
10:30 P.M. Down You Go! • 5
Delightful panel session of "Hang The Butcher" with Dr. Evans.
10:30 P.M. Liberace • 11
The handsome, romantic pianist with songs and mood music.

Saturday

2:00 to 3:00 P.M. College Football • 4 & 8
Starting times vary depending on region of gridiron clash: Nov. 14, Michigan State vs. Michigan; Nov. 21, Southern Cal. vs. California; Nov. 26, Utah vs. Brigham Young; Nov. 28, Army vs. Navy; Dec. 5, Notre Dame vs. Southern Methodist.
7:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Paul Whiteman's irrepressible, enjoyable juvenile variety.
7:30 P.M. Beat The Clock • 2
Couples race against time performing tricky stunts for prizes.
7:30 P.M. Ethel And Albert • 4
Very real, honestly amusing domestic series with Peg Lynch.
7:30 P.M. Leave It To The Girls • 7
Maggi McNellis referees as female panel pummels male guest.
8:00 P.M. Jackie Gleason Show • 2
Eye-entrancing revue topped by the impish, exhilirating comic.
8:00 P.M. Bonino • 4 & 8
Charming Ezio Pinza as widower bridled by brood of eight.
8:30 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 8
Ted Mack introduces hopefuls on this springboard to fame.
9:00 P.M. Two For The Money • 2
Wabash with Herb Shriner emcees thousand-dollar quiz-biz.
9:00 P.M. Your Show Of Shows • 4 & 8
All hail Caesar, Imogene Coca and magnificent 90-minute revue. Every fourth week (Nov. 28) spectacular *All Star Revue.*
9:30 P.M. My Favorite Husband • 2
The year's new hit comedy. Ex-Petty gal Joan Caulfield as Liz Cugat; Barry Nelson as well-meaning, domesticated hubby.
10:00 P.M. Medallion Theatre • 2
Live from N.Y.C. Great stars in world's best-loved stories.
10:30 P.M. Mirror Theatre • 2
Hollywood luminaries in new 30-minute teleplays on film.
10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 8
Sparkling, lavish productions of hit tunes with Dorothy Collins, Snooky Lanson, Gisele Mackenzie, Russel Arms, others.

Sunday

2:00 P.M. Professional Football • 7
Red Grange with home games of Chicago Bears and Cardinals.
4:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran And Ollie • 4
The nation's favorite puppets with Fran Allison, Burr Tillstrom.
5:00 P.M. Omnibus • 2
A variety of our greatest living entertainers, actors, singers, dancers, superbly produced in fascinating 90-minute show.
5:00 P.M. Hall Of Fame • 4
Sarah Churchill as host to excellent full-hour drama series.
6:30 P.M. George Jessel Show • 7
The Toastmaster General with a banquet of sumptuous variety.
7:00 P.M. Life With Father • 2
Life in the Day family adapted from famed Broadway play.
7:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4 & 8
Paul with dance, comedy and side kick, Jerry Mahoney.
7:30 P.M. Jack Benny—Private Secretary • 2 & 8
Benny rides Nov. 15 & Dec. 5. Other Sundays, Ann Sothern.
7:30 P.M. Mr. Peepers • 4
Wally Cox as mild-mannered, highly-amusing school teacher.
7:45 P.M. Notre Dame Football Games • 7
75-minute films of what happened to Fighting Irish yesterday.
8:00 P.M. Toast Of The Town • 2 & 8
Ace-high vaudeville with Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan.
8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
Clowns colossal tickle the nation: Cantor, Durante, Martin and Lewis, Abbott and Costello, Donald O'Connor, others.
9:00 P.M. Fred Waring—GE Theatre • 2
The Pennsylvanians in song and dance. Dec. 5, *GE Theatre.*
9:00 P.M. TV Playhouse • 4 & 8
Exceptionally grand video drama on this full-hour theatre.
9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5
Crime-cracker Roscoe Karns. At 9:30, *The Plainclothes Man.*
9:00 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7
Stop-press news, intimate Broadway items, WW's editorials.
9:30 P.M. Man Behind The Badge • 2
Exciting, honest dramatizations of real police heroism.
10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
Swift, simmering melodrama of people fighting for life.
10:00 P.M. Letter To Loretta • 4 & 8
Loretta Young in stories based on problems of her admirers.
10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2 & 8
John Daly makes panelists toe the line in job-guessing game.
10:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 4
Brains and brawn (Ralph Bellamy's) overwhelm law-breakers.

Arthur Godfrey's Songstress—Marion Marlowe

(*Continued from page* 29)

At the age of eight, Marion made her radio debut and sang "The One Rose" and "You'll Never Know." From nine to thirteen, she had her own weekly fifteen-minute song session and appeared on a Saturday morning dramatic show, where she played character roles from foreign-tongued spies to aged grandmothers.

But Marion was not being pushed. Her mother, whom she calls "Mike," told her time and time again that she was to do in life only that which made her happy. Marion, however, from her earliest years wanted to be in show business. She would go out by the rosebushes and talk about it with her grandfather. He would tell her, "You want to aim for the moon, Marion, and you'll at least land on a star. People who aim only for a star usually hit a tree."

Far greater than the lessons was the love her folks gave so freely. Marion will tell you it was this understanding and affection she needed most throughout the years. In spite of the fact that she was endowed with talent, Marion had problems that extended beyond adolescence.

"I was too serious and too shy," she recalls. "I had very few friends and only one who understood me."

When Marion was five, she underwent twenty-five operations for a mastoid. When she recovered, she gathered weight the way a magnet draws nails. She was five-foot-two and weighed one-hundred-and-sixty in her early school days.

"I looked like Porky the Pig," she says. "And by the time I went into high school, I was at the other extreme—a beanstalk with big feet."

She was then five feet and seven inches tall. She took a lot of teasing from schoolmates about her big feet. She was no good at sports and couldn't enter into games. Much of her time after school was taken up with dance and music lessons. Other children mistook her timidity for snobbery.

Marion's mother was in many ways a companion as well as a parent. She would pack sandwiches for a picnic in the park. She taught Marion to roller skate, swim, and dive. She made clothes for Marion and prepared the family's dinners in the late afternoon, for it was Marion's grandmother who took her to dance and music studios. The folks were devoted to Marion.

"And they never once complained about the skimping all done for my sake," Marion says. "Oh, how we had to budget! I remember that, as my graduation gift from grade school, I asked to have dinner out. And it was the first time I ate out, for we couldn't afford it."

That evening also was the occasion of her first date. There was a fine-looking boy in the neighborhood named Billy, who was just as scrawny, tall and shy as Marion. Whenever Billy and Marion passed on the sidewalk they both nodded and blushed furiously.

"Mother coerced him into the date," Marion says. "He couldn't possibly back out."

The folks took Marion and Billy to a department store cafeteria for dinner and then to a movie. Both had a good time but were so bashful they spoke only two words during the whole evening, "Hello" and "Goodbye."

Marion had her first real date when she was sixteen, and that was a humdinger, as eventful and climactic as anything a girl could expect.

First, the "date" was twenty years old and therefore a "man." Second, they were going to a real night club for dinner and dancing.

Marion really fixed herself up. She borrowed her aunt's fur coat, her mother's hat and shoes.

"I was a sight," she says. "I could have stopped a clock."

They went to the dinner-dance restaurant, then on to a movie. Afterwards, she and her "man" went for a walk in the park. It was a warm night and their spirits soared high. When they found a park fountain, they did what comes naturally. Marion and her date took off their shoes and went wading.

"We were having the time of our lives," she remembers, "until a policeman came along."

They had broken a city ordinance by wading in the pool, and the policeman unceremoniously hauled them off to the station. Her "man," now a boy, was frightened to tears and Marion was bawling out loud.

"I'll never forget the desk sergeant calling up my folks," she says. "I heard him say, 'Your daughter has just been arrested.' Then the sergeant began clicking the phone, turned to me and announced, 'Your mother must have passed out.' "

Fines were paid for the two young "criminals" and, as Marion says good-humoredly, "I learned my lesson and I've 'gone straight' ever since."

The date occurred on the occasion of her high school graduation and marked the beginning of a new period in Marion's life. All her performing since the age of five had been for experience. She was now ready for professional work. She contin-

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M

ued her lessons and looked for the first break. In a few months, it came from Hollywood and looked sensational.

A friend had gone to the Coast and had taken along pictures and recordings of Marion. He took them to Monogram Studios, where they were about to cast the picture, "The Life of Tchaikowsky." As an ingenue, they were looking for someone new, a young girl who could sing and who gave a continental appearance. Marion's friend closed: "They want you out here for a screen test."

Joy reigned. Marion looked at her mother and her mother looked at her grandmother and her grandmother looked at her grandfather and everyone's eyes said, "This is it!"

There was the little problem of money, for they had only forty-five dollars in the bank. The folks, however, cashed in some war bonds and, on a cold winter day, Marion took off for fabulous Hollywood in something less than fabulous style. She sat up all the way in a drafty coach, and she arrived slightly feverish, her nose running and her bones aching.

"I had the screen test," she says, "and they didn't turn me down. I was told that I'd have to wait a little while for the decision."

The little while became five agonizing months. Then the studio cast the romantic, continental singing part with a petite blonde whose voice had to be dubbed into the sound track.

"But by then I had the picture bug," she says. "I couldn't leave Hollywood."

Marion was living with an aunt and the folks sent her ten dollars a week, most of which she invested in more vocal lessons. Through her teacher she met the late Atwater Kent, the retired industrialist, who had helped many other singers. He was impressed by Marion's voice and arranged her first concert at his home with the Merenblum Orchestra.

"You can't imagine how grandiose the affair was," she recalls. "For example, Mr. Kent had three guest lists: theatrical, national, and international. It was a little too much for me. I wasn't ready to meet people of such importance."

Nothing came out of the concert but, shortly afterwards, Marion began singing at Ciro's in a sextet that included Mitzi Gaynor. It was there that she met a London producer who told her about a show he wanted her to star in.

"Everyone talks so big in Hollywood," Marion says, "that you can't easily distinguish the glitter from the gold."

So Marion listened politely and thought nothing more of it when the producer returned to London. Four and a half months later, out of a big clear sky, came a cablegram—complete with passage money—telling her to be in London in ten days.

"I was elated," she says, "but the voyage over was just a forewarning of what was to come."

On board ship, she was seasick constantly and lost seven pounds. During her eighteen months in London, she suffered a broken ankle, jaundice, anemia, and just about every other discomforting illness. For a year and a half, she gave two shows a night and recitals on Sundays.

She didn't tell the folks about the sickness and the austerity diet of potatoes and bread and the long hours. They wrote every day, and their first concern was Marion's welfare. Marion wrote them about the musical revue, "Sauce Tartar." She had a starring role and was cast as a South American type and wore her hair long. Her dancing and singing of Afro-Cubano numbers were the hit of the show. She wrote them, too, about her closest friend, Audrey Hepburn—who has since risen to fame in American movies. (Audrey and Marion recently had a reunion in New York.) But, after eighteen months, Marion quit the show. She came home sick and homesick.

She arrived in New York on September the seventeenth and on the nineteenth stepped to the altar in her short-lived, unfortunate marriage.

Marion went back to St. Louis to see the folks and found things had changed there, too. Grandfather's roses had just about withered away. He didn't have the energy to devote to them. It was a harsh reminder of Marion's early hopes to give them a grand home. And she hadn't yet been able to contribute so much as the doormat.

"And then I didn't make a professional appearance for a long time," she recalls. "I was depressed frequently, and I'm easily depressed when I don't sing."

Marion's big problem (and by then she had known it for years) was a lack of self-confidence. Marion was a lovely woman, but Marion didn't think so. Marion had a lovely voice, but didn't believe it. And the shoes she wore, which may appear to be a trivial thing, were symbolic of her attitude. She always wore flat shoes. She was tall to start with, and fashionable high-heeled shoes—she thought—made her even more conspicuous.

The turning point in her life and career came in Florida. It was luck and it was a personal miracle. It came about when a hotel proprietor heard Marion sing at a private party. He offered her fifty dollars to do three songs at his hotel for just one night.

She came on at dinnertime when the guests were reaching for tumblers and forks and rolls. Marion walked to the mike and, as she sang, no bread was buttered, no forks were raised. Everyone was spellbound by her voice. One of the diners was Arthur Godfrey, and four days later Marion was seen by millions of television viewers on *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*. A few weeks later, she wound up with a contract and membership in the exclusive Godfrey family.

"But the Marion Marlowe who started with the Godfrey show is a bit different from that gal today," she says.

Today, Marion is a lot more satisfied with her appearance. Arthur gets the credit for her losing weight, her new make-up, and her new hairdo.

"And he never told me to do anything," she says. "We would just sit down and have a talk once in a while."

She knew from the beginning that he had faith in her ability, and this gave her self-assurance. Before, she couldn't even discuss her problems. Everything was kept cooped up inside.

"Arthur has the knack of getting you to talk," she says. "He doesn't give advice. He just listens and lets it come out, and you walk away knowing more about yourself and feeling better and stronger."

Marion's first awareness that she was gaining self-confidence came the day she walked into a shoe store and bought inch-and-a-half heels. When the McGuire Sisters joined the cast, Marion went all the way.

"The McGuires are all tall and I was surprised at how statuesque and beautiful they looked in high heels," Marion recalls. Marion had previously been aware that both Janette Davis and Haleloke were petite and, as a result, she felt as if she stuck out like the Empire State Building. But the McGuires helped with the final transition. Marion bought three-inch heels.

The new personal buoyancy is not all that Marion achieved. She has begun repaying the love and sacrifices of her folks. Two years ago, she brought them to New York. She gave each of them a diamond ring and bought her mother and grandmother fur coats. She gave up the childish dream of a mansion by the sea, but recently acquired a new eight-room ranch house in St. Louis, where they will live six months of the year.

"And you can bet it will have plenty of rosebushes," she says, "and someone to help Bullfrog take care of them."

Marion's own pleasures are simple: a movie and popcorn, the informality of blue jeans, and good conversation. In the future, she hopes for a good marriage and children. And, she adds, "I'd like to take the folks abroad for a vacation."

Marion, through her professional success and devotion to her family, has shown her folks that their love and sacrifices were worthwhile. She also has proved that Arthur's faith in her was not misplaced. For one so young, she has come a long way—and, as Arthur predicts, will go a long way farther.

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Favorite Husband

(*Continued from page* 61)

of the city, high above the Sunset Strip. The realtor said the asking price was $28,-400. Barry and Teresa, fresh from New York, didn't know too much about real estate prices in California, so they decided to call the ex-owner, Tony Martin, and ask his advice. Martin was playing a date in Las Vegas at the time.

Both Teresa and Barry were crazy about the house and were ready to pack up their bags and move right in, if Tony said it was a good buy. Barry got him on the phone to ask if this was a right price for the house. That's when the confusion began.

"Hello, Mr. Martin?"

A sleepy "Yes" from the phone.

"This is Barry Nelson and I wanted to ask if you felt twenty-eight-four was good for that old house of yours?"

Long silence, then, "You'll never be able to make it, Nelson. How would you pay for it?"

"I said twenty-eight-four, and *cash*, that's how!" Barry was getting exasperated.

A sneering laugh on the phone. "You'll never make it up that hill in a '28 *Ford!*" said Tony Martin and hung up.

By the time Barry had straightened things out and called back, the house had been sold.

"So you see," said Barry, "confusion can strike anybody, anytime. I woke up Tony Martin. We had a five-minute bizarre conversation as a result. He thought somebody with a '28 Ford was trying to buy his house!"

Barry and his pretty wife, Teresa, met when they were both under contract to M-G-M. After release from the studio, Barry was cast in the Broadway production of "The Moon Is Blue." On opening night, he and Teresa Celli were married.

Comedy writers could make a kaleidoscope of confusion out of a situation like this. But Barry, who prides himself on being an average American husband, proved he was such by making a typical American husband's remark in describing that night.

"Sure, it was opening night. But I didn't see any reason to get excited. There was plenty of time in the afternoon to get married—and still have time for dinner, too! Well—we got married." No fuss, no furor, no nothing!

With their marriage, Barry and his bride Teresa moved into a small apartment at 80th and Park Avenue in New York. Both have a passion for collecting furniture and knickknacks, so the small apartment was soon straining at the seams.

"We found that we got more discriminating with our purchases as time went on," said Barry. "That was especially true with our furniture 'buys.' Fortunately, we had a small apartment and there wasn't room for too much of what I call our 'early judgment' furniture."

Barry is *the* shining example that proves his point that American husbands are *not* all thumbs. His thesis is that men can do most things right—even become competent with "women's work." Home decorating is one example. After their little apartment burst at the seams, Barry and Teresa found a penthouse in Greenwich Village. Twenty floors up with a panoramic view of all Manhattan, the Statue of Liberty, and liners on the Hudson, this new place was a decorator's delight. There was so much you could do with it!

Barry and Teresa did it. Barry installed a high-fidelity amplifying system to play Teresa's favorite operas and his favorite symphonies. Together they selected the color: mustard yellow walls, charcoal gray drapes, billiard green rugs. They dis-

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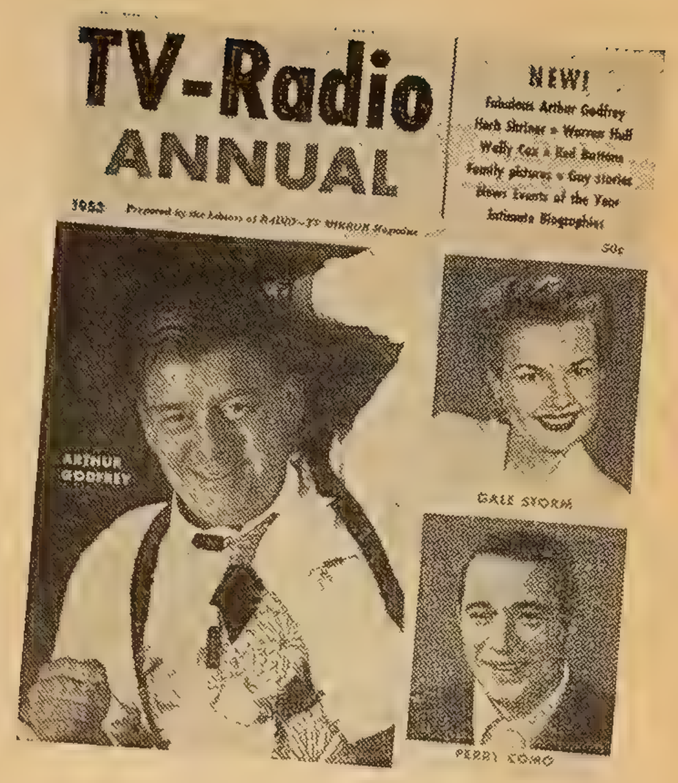

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cussed each piece of furniture and its relation to the apartment before they bought it.

As soon as they finished decorating it, Barry's part in *My Favorite Husband* came up and they moved to Hollywood! In searching for a new place to live, they went through the Tony Martin incident . . . but finally found another Spanish-type home which had recently been modernized. "The decorating is starting all over again," says Barry. "But we haven't given up the New York penthouse. We've got so much time, love *and* money in that apartment that I don't want to rent it. We'll just have to pay two rents until I decide what to do.

"We could have rented it to 'one of those nice little men from the U.N.,' but I decided against it. It would have been our luck to have him turn out to be the kind who threw vodka bottles into the fireplace. And *that's* where I've hidden part of our high-fidelity amplifying system! So, in not renting it, I guess you could say I'm the cautious type."

For the new Spanish home, Barry is collecting Aztec figurines. The matte finish and subdued colors fit in beautifully with his Spanish architecture and modern furniture. "Unfortunately," says Barry, "the Mexican government doesn't like to have any of their relics more than one hundred years old taken out of the country."

One aspect of the American male which the comedy writers ignore is *imagination.* With four figurines Barry'd laboriously dug up with his own hands in Tasco, he was faced with the problem of getting them into the plane and out of the country. It was like a high-school quarterback trying to get through the defense of the Los Angeles Rams. But the customs men hadn't taken Barry's imaginative powers into consideration when they inspected his luggage.

The Mexican customs officials are not nearly so strict with their relic rules as the American airplane officials are with payment for overweight luggage. However, the two share stalls side by side in Mexico City. Therefore, it's necessary to convince them *both* that the bundles you carry on board are neither valuable *nor* heavy.

Barry's four figurines weighed about ten pounds apiece. He wrapped them in newspapers and stuffed them into a poverty-stricken old straw bag with string handles. At the entrance to the customs and the plane counter, he took the string handles of the forty-pound bag in *two fingers* and approached the officials. They checked through the luggage, pointed to the bag, and Barry answered, "Oh, just some stuff I picked up in Tasco." He didn't think the officials would bother with a beat-up old straw bag. They didn't.

Barry was still holding the straw bag by two fingers to make it look light at the plane weigh-in stand. By the time he left customs and approached the stand, the strings had turned into razor-sharp scimitars. The clerk looked at the perspiration on Barry's forehead and asked, "What's the matter, you feeling sick?"

Barry grimaced in pain, his white teeth showing. "Gah . . ." he said. The clerk must have thought the grimace a smile and the "Gah" a "Naw, nothing wrong," for he tagged the luggage and passed them on. "Next," he said as Barry hobbled toward the plane.

This was one incident where imagination paid off. However, Barry will be the first to admit that imagination will not be the answer to every problem. That is, there are times the American male will find himself in water that's over his head.

One day in Mexico City, for example, Barry went out by himself for a *haircut.* He usually went out shopping with his wife, Teresa, who had the knack of making herself understood in Spanish. But for a simple thing like a haircut Barry didn't *think* he'd *need* Teresa to act as an interpreter. He could *easily* rely on the signs which read, "English spoken here."

Unfortunately, the boss ("English spoken here") was out when Barry stepped into the barber shop and sat down in the chair. "A trim around the edges and on top," he said.

"Si, señor," said the barber, but he just stood in front of Barry with an uncomprehending smile on his face.

"On top," said Barry, "on top. Go ahead, you can begin."

"Si, señor," said the barber, but he still just stood there with the embarrassed smile.

Barry realized the barber did not go with the sign in the window. He'd have to make himself understood with his limited Spanish. Unfortunately, the verb "to eat" (*comer*) and the expression "on top" (*cumbre*), where he wanted his hair cut, can be confused. When Barry said *comer,* the barber smiled with immediate understanding. "Ah, señor," he exclaimed, and went out to get Barry a sandwich!

So Barry feels he's made his point. The average American male is good in most things and not so good in a few others. He is *not* all thumbs, as some comedy shows would make him out to be. He even has the imagination to smuggle Aztec figurines under the noses of custom officials.

But Barry will admit there *are* times when it's nice to have your wife around to keep things straight. Especially if you want a haircut and not a sandwich!

Glamour Girl!

(*Continued from page* 67)

Leland and I were married by an Army chaplain in Shanghai, and I came back to America as a war bride. Even though I was born in San Francisco, the twenty-two years I had spent in Shanghai made me a stranger in the land of my birth. I knew my clothes were wrong, that I dressed and looked different.

And Lee is a photographer. I knew that with his trained eye he would be especially aware of the many differences between me and the other women around him. This was one reason why I wanted to be Americanized.

The other reason was for myself. I wanted to *belong.*

Because I was unsure of myself in America, I have always felt apart. When I compared myself with other mothers and housewives, I felt foreign. They did the simple little things, like shopping and reading bus transfers, so much more quickly and better than I could ever hope to do, that I felt self-conscious. For the first few years, I tried to explain how I felt—but the word I used was "unconscious," not "self-conscious"!

There were times in those days when I wished I *had* been unconscious. I would have given anything to be like the women around me; they were so easy-going and sure of themselves. But, instead, I continued to ask for "an 'oaf of bread," in place of "a loaf," and each mistake made me more self-conscious. My self-consciousness made me even more confused.

Lee will never know how thrilled I was when he came back from work one day with tickets for *Glamour Girl.* I had seen the changes that *Glamour Girl* had made in other women, but I never dreamed that I would ever have a chance of even being in the audience.

I was standing in the center of our dining room (since Lee is fresh out of school we don't have a dining-room set yet) and, when I touched the tickets in Lee's outstretched hand, I'm sure I felt an excitement run through me. It was a feeling of expectation, and it stayed with me until the afternoon when I walked into the *Glamour Girl* studio with the other women.

At the door, each of us was handed a card to fill out. It's funny but, when I handed over the tickets and took the card, the warm feeling the tickets had given out left me and in its place was a cold void. It was a feeling that stayed with me all the while I wrote on the card. Name (Gracelynne Lee) . . . age (30) . . . address and phone number . . . and a big white space to be filled in with my "reason" for wanting to be made glamorous.

There were so many things I wanted to say—but I felt I didn't know how to express them. I wanted to be like the other American women around me. I felt that, if I were like them, then Lee would love me even more. But I didn't write any of this. I didn't know how. I just wrote, "I don't want to be glamorous. I just want to be Americanized."

No matter what I wrote or thought, no matter what I felt or how badly I needed my dream and wish to come true, my thoughts told me the card was meaningless and would bring my dreams to nothing. There are too many other women here, I thought, and they know their English language so much better than I. Even though there were more than a hundred people in the auditorium, I know I never felt so much alone. I felt sure I had no chance of being called. And I wasn't.

But a woman's intuition is a powerful force. I had felt so sure about those tickets. Had they lied to me? Had my woman's intuition played tricks and let me down? When the show was over and I hadn't been called, I carried the empty feeling inside of me out into the sunlight. I stood there for a few minutes. I still felt that, somehow, something would happen. But nothing did. After a while, I walked over to the bus stop and took my disappointment home.

Lee was waiting for me with our baby boy, five-year-old Miles. He saw my long face and said, "What's wrong, Mommy, are you ill?" I couldn't keep a long face with that remark. I felt a warmth surge up in me and my disappointment was gone.

I really had nothing to be sad about and I should be ashamed of myself for wanting to be given something as rewarding as glamour overnight. The women who were chosen must have had stronger and better reasons than I had, I consoled myself. Besides, I had two people to love—my husband and my child. I had never heard my husband complain. After all, we were and are in love. You never have to worry about anything, if you have that.

Lee interrupted my thoughts as he returned to the living room. "The studio just called," he said casually. "They saw your local address and decided to hold you over. They want you to come back next week as a contestant."

So my intuition was right! I could barely contain myself for the next six days.

Then the six days were gone and I was

again at the studio. Mr. Babbitt came backstage to talk to us all together. I know he was trying to make us all relax. But, with me, nothing could relax the tightness I felt in my heart. Then the program was on the air and we started going out on the stage, one by one. I was number three and, as I waited for my turn, the seconds stretched to an eternity.

At last I was on stage and Mr. Babbitt was asking me about my parents and my reason for wanting to be glamorous.

"Where were you born, Gracelynne?" he asked. He had to speak very slowly for me to understand, because I was so nervous.

"In San Francisco," I said.

"But you were raised in Shanghai?"

"Yes. When I was born, my father went to a palmist. He was worried about his family. I was the last-born and so far he had five girls. He wanted a male heir. The palmist told him to go back to Shanghai. When I was eighteen months old, we sailed on a giant ocean vessel and I lived in China until I married Lee in 1946."

As I stood in front of Mr. Babbitt, I remember thinking about my father and my marriage. My father had been against it. He warned me that it would be hard. In America, I would have to work—but under his roof we had a housekeeper and a cook. I would not be prepared, he said, to keep house or cook for my husband as American women do. But I was in love . . . and when you have love, nothing else matters.

I remember thinking my father had been partly right. It had been *hard*. After our marriage, we had come by ship to America and then by train to Chicago, where Lee's sister lived. It was a great country. Great in size and great in freedom and ideas. But I was homesick right away. It was *too* big, *too* great, *too* different for me.

But then, there I was on the stage. Now, if the audience was willing, here was my chance to be glamorous. Better still, if they wished, they could Americanize me and make me feel really at home. It was up to their applause.

I know I held my breath as the other women took their last turns in front of the cameras. The noise from the audience was deafening and there was a great roaring in my ears. I never did hear my name mentioned nor did I hear the applause. It wasn't until Mr. Babbitt came up to me and led me out alone that I realized that the beginning of my dream had come true. They had chosen me to be glamorous . . . to have the "American beauty" look.

The next twenty-four hours were a whirlwind of activity. The way we rushed around, it was like a sale day at Magnin's, where I worked while Leland went to school. First we met Mary Webb Davis, who took me under her wing. Not only did I visit classes at her modeling school, but I learned tricks of glamour—how to walk, talk, and carry myself.

Then we went to pick out my new glamour wardrobe (part of my winnings), which was like having Christmas in the middle of the year. Finally, the next day—when I was to appear before the TV audience—I had a real glamour treatment, including a session with Frank and Joseph, hair stylists, who created a coiffure just for me, and a lovely make-up job by experts.

Winning on *Glamour Girl* can set a new horizon in your life. It's changed me completely. It's fulfilled my dreams of belonging and given me confidence that I needed so badly. As Miss Davis said, when I walk I now "tuck in my tummy." It keeps my head high. I wear my cincher belt. It gives me a wasp waist. This makes a difference. But I knew I had arrived when I came in from shopping and put my parcels on the table and my son, Miles, said, "Gee, Mom, you look just like Miss Jones down the street!"

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ROBERT MONTGOMERY PRESENTS—

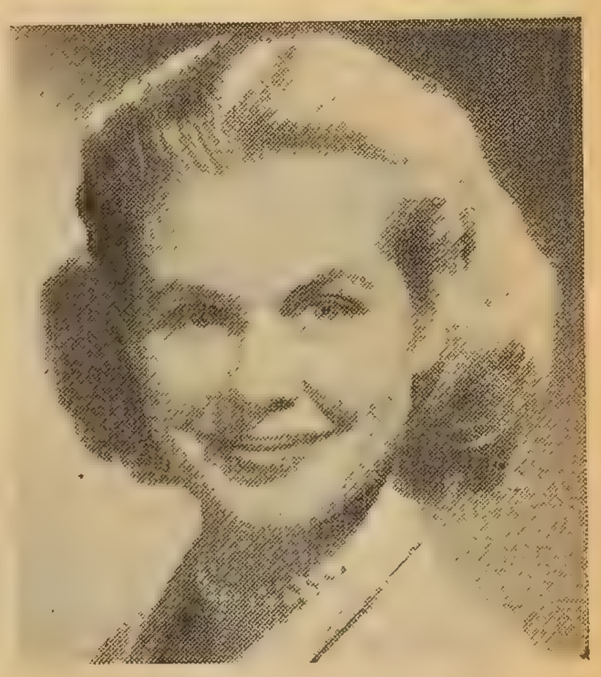
ROBERT MONTGOMERY is sort of the dean of all drama talents—he acts, directs, produces, and frequently narrates the dramas he presents. He was born in Beacon, New York, the son of a well-to-do rubber company executive, and toured England, France, Switzerland and Germany when still a lad. His father died and, when the estate was settled, Bob and his brother Donald were penniless, so they went to work. In 1929, Bob Montgomery became a movie star. Ten years later, he was one of the first of the motion picture colony to go to war—he went to France and volunteered as an ambulance driver. He went into active naval duty in the summer of 1941 and, three and a half years later, was honorably discharged as a commander. In 1944, after a bout with tropical fever, he returned to Hollywood to appear in "They Were Expendable." He then directed and produced pictures and, as a result, joined NBC to become the "well-rounded" expert on all matters technical and dramatic in some of the greatest of the TV shows. He's married to Elizabeth Harkness and lives in a farmhouse in upper New York State.

Each week, *Robert Montgomery Presents* (on an alternating basis): *Your Lucky Strike Theatre* and *The Johnson's Wax Program;* NBC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST.

JOHN NEWLAND was born thirty-four years ago in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the tall, handsome man began his professional stage career at the age of sixteen. Chicago burlesque lured him, and he was everything from the voice backstage to straight man for comedians. This latter training came in handy when he toured the vaudeville circuits (the ones that no doubt put vaudeville in its grave) singing, dancing, and playing straight man to Milton Berle. Once he became serious about drama and enrolled in a New York school, only to find the study of stage work did not coincide with his burlesque training (and a little matter of making money). If and when he bursts into song, this is natural—he's sung a thousand carnival dates, made a hit in "Lend An Ear," "Ziegfeld Follies." Currently, he's in practically every dramatic show on TV.

MARGARET HAYES was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on December 5, 1922, and as a child she appeared in pioneer experimental TV shows. Graduated from Forest Park High School, she enrolled in Teachers College of Johns Hopkins University and in the Hopkins Barnstormers, the campus drama group. After college, Margaret stormed the drama citadel in New York, got minor roles, was signed for Hollywood, where she spent the next few years. Returning East for "The Man Who Came to Dinner," Margaret then was signed for the road company of "The Voice of the Turtle." Love canceled the tour. She met and married Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr. in 1946. Margaret "retired" to become fashion editor of a magazine, then gradually entered radio work and finally TV. She's the mother of three children, Nan, Herbert III, and Tracy.

ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY was born April 15, 1933, in Los Angeles, where her father, Robert Montgomery, was then a motion picture star. She therefore attended the Westlake School for girls, along with Shirley Temple and other starlets or daughters of stars. In her junior year, she moved to New York to attend the famous Spence School, from which she was graduated in 1951. She was a student at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts when she decided she needed practical experience—and she's been given plenty in her father's summer stock company and now in regular dramas on TV. Her debut came when she was eighteen, on NBC-TV, playing her real father's daughter in "Top Secret." Elizabeth's engaged to Frederic Cammann, production assistant on the Robert Montgomery program. She's an expert horsewoman—but her father can beat her at tennis.



VAUGHN TAYLOR was born on February 22, 1911, in Boston. He attended public schools in Lowell and returned to Boston to major in accounting at Northeastern University. He worked at accounting for one year—long enough to save money to attend the Leland Powers School of the Theatre for two years. He spent six years thereafter touring the country in various stock companies. In 1942, Taylor enlisted in the Army and became an officer in Anti-Aircraft Intelligence. He was discharged in 1946 with the rank of captain. Since 1949, Vaughn has been kept busy on both radio and TV, along with making motion pictures. He is married to Ruth Moss Taylor, actress and fashion commentator. The two have managed one fleeting week's vacation in Bermuda since their marriage, but they don't mind, for they're two happy people, anyway!

My Friend, Red Buttons

(*Continued from page* 35)

neighbors now, since I moved into the same building, so more than ever I see the change in him from Tuesday to Wednesday. As soon as Wednesday morning comes, he has only one thing on his mind, and that's the next Monday's show and how to make it the best one he possibly can. Each day, as it gets closer to Monday, the tension mounts. Until the time for dress rehearsal on Monday afternoon, when it begins to slow down. Meanwhile, we have all bothered him as little as we can. Even Helayne, who lives to make Red happy, is careful to make few demands on his time as Monday nears. She understands his need for concentrating when he's memorizing his long script, because he works without cue cards or other memory prompters, even on the long sketches. She knows when he's especially worried, and she respects his silences when he's trying to figure things out.

At dress rehearsal, Red often tries out his stuff on the boys in the band, sometimes walks away from the cameras to play to them and watch their reactions. He is enormously fond of the musicians, knows they do a lot of other shows and are good judges of material and will be honest with him. When they laugh loud and long, then he feels he's good. Sometimes it's hard for me to get them to go on playing because they're enjoying Red so much. Some of his best ad libs, the ones that stay in the show, are delivered at this time, but they tell him when they don't like a bit or a line. They make a great sounding board.

It's always amazing to me to see how Red senses what will be right or wrong for him as soon as he looks at it. He'll say, "That's good, but it's not for me," and he'll be right. This goes for lines, actual bits and sketches, costumes, sets, right up to the people who are suggested for guest shots. And to the music, too, which is where I come in. I will write a cue to close or open a sketch and Red will listen attentively a minute, and say, "No, Elliot. It's beautiful, but it doesn't give me a mood. It just isn't right for me."

He is especially particular about the choice of guest singers. Most comics might not care too much who comes on, as long as it's a big name. Red asks first, "Is this the kind of singer that kids, as well as grownups, would like to hear on the show?" He feels the kids believe in him and, therefore, he has a big responsibility toward them. One of his worries is that something might creep in which would be in bad taste for children to hear or see. Not one "blue" line or piece of business ever has, and Red bends backward so it shouldn't. He is always trying to figure out things to do that kids will understand and like.

Their enthusiasm for him is a lot like the early days of the Sinatra furor. Maybe it's because he, too, is small and rather thin. Girls seem to want to mother him, and the boys feel he's a pal of their own age. Especially when he does a bellboy or errand boy bit. The kids sometimes get too pal-sy when they come to watch the show in the theatre. This could be a big worry, if Red didn't like them so much and know how to appeal to them. He comes out before the show gets on the air, and when the kids start shrieking their approval, he tells them to go ahead and laugh and have a good time but not to get into the script with him while the program is on the air. "Wait until we come off, and then you can yell and whistle and join in the whole thing, and we'll have a swell time," he says, and you would be surprised how well they respond.

With stars that he admires, Red gets enthusiastic, too. When he knows there's one of his favorites in the audience, he's thrilled. When Jack Webb, who's a friend of Red's, occasionally comes, Red thinks it's wonderful.

Except when he's with a bunch of the other comics, who get together at places like Lindy's—and they're a sort of special clan in which Red is completely at home—he is a quiet fellow when he's out. I wouldn't say he's shy, because no one who has knocked around in this business as he has—in burlesque, on the Catskill Mountain circuit (more familiarly called "the Mountains"), in night spots all over the country, in vaudeville and personal appearances—could really be shy any more, even if he started that way. But there is a quietness about him that is unexpected, an air of being thoughtful, of studying things out for himself. Even at meetings, like those with his writers, he will sit silently and listen to everybody's opinions and wait until all the suggestions and ideas have been thrown in, before he says yes or no to anything. You feel everyone has been given a chance to talk, and he has carefully thought it all out before answering.

Red makes friends of bellboys, elevator operators, errand boys, shoe-shine boys. He's always watching out for the little guys that get pushed around. He likes to study the wise-guy types and the smart-alecks, and I think he gets a lot of his characterizations just from sitting on the sidelines and observing and listening. Yet, when talk gets around to current affairs and the world situation, he can speak up with more knowledge than most performers as busy as he is, because he reads and listens and forms very definite conclusions of his own. When it comes to music, his personal taste is for the nostalgic things, the very old songs and the ones he learned when he was a kid. His music for the show has to have a special brightness and lightness, sometimes almost a brashness—a holdover from his stage days when they played that kind for entrances, keyed to give the performer a lift. He has a great deal of respect for people who really understand music, even though he himself has such a natural feeling for it.

One of the outstanding things about Red is his ability to sense, immediately, whether or not he can work with some special person. He never has to try out an actor to see if they will do well together in a sketch. He knows, one way or the other, the minute he talks to him. It's the same way with the other people he works with. I knew, and I could see he knew, that we would click, right from the first.

We met in the summer of 1952, when I was called into one of the studios at CBS and asked to work with Red at the piano. He was there with producer Marlo Lewis and with Allen Walker (who helped Red write his stuff in the old burlesque days, played his straight man and adviser, and of course is still with him and still very close to him). When I came in that day, Red was trying to sing "The Ho Ho Song" without any music. With his hand around his ear, just as he does now, hopping up and down on one foot. I sat at the piano and gave him a little vamp and the cues he needed and played the accompaniments. Later, I did the audition kinescope with him for CBS Television, and then the sustaining series.

Now, everywhere we go—on personal appearances, around the stage door, on the streets—kids put a hand to one ear and hop on one leg as Red did that first day we met. When we did a personal appearance in Baltimore, after Red's TV show began to click so outstandingly, we stopped at a little sandwich place on our way from the theatre, and all the kids recognized him and started to do his song. Wherever he went, people began to go into his act and grin at him. Red just couldn't believe it at that time. He couldn't believe they

Celebrating at a gala party, Red and Helayne drew lucky numbers for the "grand door prize"—which turned out to be a genuine door!

all knew who he was and had seen him perform.

I have done record dates during the past eight years with all kinds of singers, and I know what they go through to get a hit record (even the best of them, sometimes), but Red's first one got across instantly. Red did both sides—"The Ho Ho Song" and "Strange Things Are Happening"—in about an hour and a half, went through each one only about twice, and it was more fun than any recording I ever participated in. Incidentally, that first Columbia disc is still having a fabulous success, with more discs, one recorded last August, and more success to come.

Red himself takes all this with an air of: "Let's not get too over-confident, kid. You know, next year you could be back playing the Mountains, and glad of the chance." As if he were afraid that even now all this might not last.

The reason I believe it will, the reason I believe he will continue to be a success and will go on and on, is because Red himself knows what is good for Red Buttons to do. Because he knows how Red Buttons should act. Because he thinks of his audiences—the kids and their parents and uncles and aunts and grandparents who watch from homes all over the country—and he tries never to let them down. Because he has a marvelous spontaneous wit and a great gift for ad-libbing, but once he sets the show at dress rehearsal he never pulls any surprises to "throw" the rest of the cast. Because he comes through with a finished performance himself, and because he keys the whole show to the same terrific pace and standards.

And because he's a great little guy who has worked hard for everything he's got, but never takes his good luck for granted.

Big-Hearted Jack

(*Continued from page* 39)

When Jackie was three years old, his brother died. His brother was fourteen. When Jackie was eight years old, his father, an insurance auditor, simply disappeared. Jackie kids about it today. ("As far as I know, he's never been seen since. If he's still alive, I guess he doesn't like my show, or I'd have heard from him.") But the kidding doesn't really erase the picture of a small boy and a frightened woman, waiting in the night, first scared of being alone, later ashamed of having been deserted.

Mrs. Gleason was Irish, and proud, and her problem was simple: no food in the house. So she went to work. She got a job making change in a subway change booth. On her salary, she couldn't buy caviar, but she kept herself and her child off relief, and she gave him—the child—a lot of things money can't buy, if you'll pardon a hackneyed phrase. There was love, laughter, understanding, between them. He'd come home from P.S. 73 full of wild schemes, immense plans: "I'm going to be the biggest comedian in the world."

"Why a comedian, darling?"

"Because I can make all the other kids laugh—"

Mrs. Gleason, drinking hot tea, and gratefully feeling the draughty subway system seep out of her tired bones, would smile at her son. "You'll do whatever you want to do."

What he wanted to do was make a million dollars and buy her a fur coat and a house and lot and a small car with a large chauffeur. . . .

At the age of twelve, Jackie played "Little Red Riding Hood" in dialect in the P.S. 73 auditorium; at the age of fifteen,

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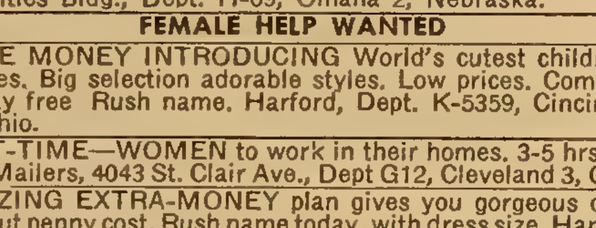

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he entered an amateur contest in Brooklyn's Halsey Theatre. *He* knew he was good, but he was afraid the audience might not be quite perceptive enough, so he hauled in all his pals from the corner candy store. They clapped hysterically, and the theatre manager, fascinated, hired Jackie as amateur-night master of ceremonies. At three dollars a week.

He went home with his first three bucks. "This," he said to his mother, "is for you!"

Years later, he remembers the flourish with which he made the presentation. "I was rolling in dough. You'd of thought I made more than Mom."

The Halsey Theatre led to greater things. Just turned sixteen, Jackie had an offer from the Folly Theatre. Fifteen dollars a week! Again, the job was emceeing.

The day before he opened at the Folly his mother died.

Some of his hopes were buried with her. And now he was really rootless. Education had never meant much to him ("I had three months of high school, and got a Ph.D. in pool halls"); he had no home; Brooklyn was full of bitter memories. So he left.

The next few years, he drifted. He worked as a carnival barker, as a daredevil driver in an auto circus, as an exhibition diver, as a burlesque comedian. In 1935, the manager of a place called the Miami Club, in Newark, caught Jackie's barker spiel (the carnival traveled up and down the Eastern seaboard) and offered him a job.

"I'd like you to do that barker act in my club."

Gleason claims he thought the man said "bartender act." He was baffled, but willing, since the money was eight dollars for one night, and he made up a bartender act. This in turn caused the Miami Club manager to be baffled, but just as willing. The audience loved Gleason.

Jackie stayed at the Miami for three years (he met and married a dancer, Genevieve Halford, there) and wound up making seventy-five dollars a week.

But night-club work was never his idea of pleasure. To writer Sam Boal, Jackie once said candidly, "For a performer, clubs are murder. How can you beat that booze?"

One night at the Miami Club, a ringside customer kept needling Gleason until he—Gleason—cried, "Put up or shut up."

"We went outside," Jackie's CBS biography quotes him as saying, "and I never knew what hit me. The guy was Tony Galento."

Then there was a time at the Copacabana, when Jackie and a cafe society gent stepped outside—all the way outside to Central Park—and Jackie prepared to punch. "Look, you," said the playboy, "don't swing so fast."

"He was so used to having his own way," Jackie recalls wonderingly, "he even expected to organize my fighting."

(That encounter gave Jackie the idea for Reggie Van Gleason III, his famous playboy characterization.)

Anyway, in 1938, Gleason switched from the Miami Club to Station WAAT in Newark. He was one of the first late-night disc jockeys. Loving the music, but hating the solitary routine, he invited pals to come to the studio. "You can dance there."

The boss walked in one night, didn't feel like dancing, threw out the pals and Jackie after them.

In 1940, Jackie got a job at the Club 18 in New York. Jack Warner of the movie Warners saw him there and signed him. He went to Hollywood for two years, during which he played gangsters. Nobody's ever figured out why. "They paid me $250 a week, but I had to buy my own ammunition."

One writer told the story of the time Jackie was cast as an Arab, a demon horseman. His horse threw him, but when the director screamed, "You said you could ride!" Jackie looked indignant. "Have you no respect for a great stunt rider?" he inquired.

Hollywood and Jackie parted, with no regrets on either side, and he came back East to appear in "Hellzapoppin."

In 1945, at last, he hit pay dirt. The play was "Follow the Girls," the co-star Gertrude Niesen, one of the star singers, Frank Parker. The night it opened, Jackie was a small-time operator. The next morning, he was a star.

That was the beginning.

Ultimately, he went into television, played the lead in a show called *The Life Of Riley* (he won an award for that), worked on Du Mont's *Cavalcade Of Stars* (they booked him for eight weeks, kept him for two years), then was signed by CBS.

He was not only signed by CBS, he was surrounded by CBS. With the most money, the gaudiest sets, the fanciest guests that any artist had ever seen. Goodman Ace, reporting that a sponsor would have to come up with $5,000,000 in cold cash to hire Jackie's efforts for one season, ruefully echoed *Billboard,* a trade paper which ran a headline asking: "Is 5-Mil Funny?"

To Jackie, 5-mil was hilarious. Last season, he had a talent budget of $65,000 per performance, and any of that $65,000 not actually laid out for guest stars got split between Gleason and CBS.

The proof of the success of Gleason's comedy was in the stealing. (One of his catch-phrases, "And a-wa-ay we go," was swiped by a minor player on the Berle show in 1952, and Jackie's never forgiven Milton. Calls him "Uncle Guilty.")

Once Jackie explained why his show was a hit. "We don't have dames running around in leotards. We have dames doing a tap dance. The folks in Podunk don't know from entrechats. I found out what *I* consider corny and what actors consider corny isn't corny at all. Plays with messages always drop dead. I think entertainment is *escape.*"

A lot of the Gleason entertainment is in skit form. His characterizations—the Poor Soul, the Loudmouth, Joe the Bartender, Ralph Kramden in "The Honeymooners," Rudy the Repairman—seem to have universal appeal.

When he isn't working, Jackie lolls about in a 10-room penthouse (rent: $25,000 yearly), designs his own suits (at last count, he had 70), paints faceless pictures of his daughters Geraldine (14) and Linda (12)—"I like to do portraits but I can't do faces"—or simply strolls through Toots Shor's in a cashmere trenchcoat, crying, "Make way for The Greatest."

Jackie's chief problem—aside from working so strenuously that he often needs a shot of oxygen when he comes into the wings—is weight. Once nearly three hundred pounds, he now manages to stay around two hundred, but it isn't easy. He used to go into the hospital when he needed to diet—"Every time I eat a marshmallow, I gain ten pounds"—but currently he's relying on self-discipline and a weird diet that involves beer and graham crackers.

Jackie's acknowledged to have musical talent, though of an unorthodox nature. He's composed (and conducted what he's composed), but the way he gets his music written down is to blow the notes on a trumpet and have his secretary take down the numbers of the trumpet keys as he operates them. Somehow this comes out fine; he even wrote his own theme song.

Besides more than his share of talent, Jackie's got more friends than almost anybody in show business. "He does a lot of kind, generous things no one hears about," says his program's Audrey Meadows, and Frank Sinatra will add a word or two of tribute any time.

Last year Frankie wanted Jackie to guest-star on his show, but his budget didn't allow for Jackie's guest-rate.

"Forget it," Jackie said. "This one's for nothing, for old time's sake."

Big gesture—big heart, that's Jackie Gleason.

Jackie Gleason's own night-club experience with spoiled playboys inspired his Reggie Van Gleason III characterization (with Art Carney and Zamah Cunningham playing the flustered parents).

Nothing's Easy

(*Continued from page 42*)

the performers themselves.

Wading through waves of fear and gloom, Jack Webb stepped up to the mike to introduce the band's first number. His script shook and some of his consonants trembled, but in general he felt that he had made his way through his first paragraph without the sky falling in.

He reckoned without the gentleman in the control booth, who signalled for delay, strode onto the stage, and engaged in a conference with Chuck Anderson and Chuck's father. That concluded, the three moved toward Jack Webb, their faces regretful.

"See here, son," the radio technician said as kindly as he could, "your voice is too deep, too granular . . . too fuzzy to record well. In case you have been hoping for an announcer's job, you might as well know now as later that your voice rules you out."

It's some years later—the summer of 1953, to be precise—and a letter delivered to the Hollywood office of *Dragnet* reads: "Dear Mr. Webb: Our speech class wants you to know that you have been voted the radio personality with the most compelling voice on the air."

This future refutation of a sound-mixer's opinion was of no help to Jack Webb in that spring of 1936 when he was a vulnerable sixteen. He dragged slowly home that day, a tall (six feet), thin youth with a shock of dark, unruly hair falling forward over distressed dark eyes.

For a long time, he had cherished the idea of going into show business, partly because he felt that he had a knack for amusing people (his work in school plays had been praised) and partly because he needed to earn a decent salary as soon as possible. For as long as Jack could remember, his mother and his grandmother had provided the Webb family livelihood (Jack's parents were divorced when he was less than two years old), so, of course, Jack had the usual dreams of taking over responsibility for the welfare of the family.

He had helped to support himself through school by working in the school cafeteria. His particular job was KP duty, involving the polishing of thousands of dishes each day. His corporal in this detail was an antiquated automatic dishwasher which cherished a resentment against the human race, an attitude not unique among dishwashers both animate and inanimate. No matter how many ways of opening the dishwasher Jack devised, no matter how great his care or how swift his movements, he was never able to get the lid open without scalding himself. Other sanitary engi-

"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

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Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL's *antiseptic action* stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Skin-colored to hide pimples and end embarrassment. Greaseless, stainless...pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

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*Amount you want to borrow $*_____

"DARK-EYES" Dept. P-123
3319 Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.

I enclose 25c (coin or stamps—tax included) for TRIAL PACKAGE of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.

Check Shade: ☐ Black ☐ Brown

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*Town*_____ *State*_____

neers got dishpan hands, Jack got dishpan arms.

No one had any money during the thirties, but Jack had less than that. Acquiring a new pair of Bedford cords was strictly birthday stuff, and shirts and jackets arrived for Christmas and had to last until the buttons dissolved. Jack, always perceptive, looked around and noted that there was one way to make few clothes look like many: buy only dark, conservative things and keep them immaculately clean, brushed, and pressed. To this day, it is likely that the Webb wardrobe is not more than half that of most show-business figures of his stature, yet he always gives the impression of being newly outfitted from collar to shoes.

Other high school experiences made a permanent impression on Jack. He was barred from athletic activities by his history of chronic bronchitis, yet he yearned to share in the sense of accomplishment which he believed that playing on a football or basketball team—or working with a track squad—must give each individual man. Possibly because he was an only child, group activities appealed to his naturally gregarious nature. He liked to be in the midst of things, and his enjoyment only increased as he discovered that he seemed to be a natural leader and quickly found himself in a position of command. He had a good memory and an inventive turn of mind, so, before long, he was working up skits for Assembly and writing, directing and acting in school variety shows. This experience, like a hybrid tree, bore two different types of fruit: Jack found that he thrived on difficult and complex jobs, and he concluded that there was no sanctified pattern for success. If one thing didn't work, the sensible person tried another.

This explains why Jack majored in art, in spite of his show-business inclination, and why he told himself, after his first broadcasting fiasco, "So I can't go into radio! It isn't as if that was the *only* thing I planned to do; I can still stick to my commercial art course."

Although Jack's high school training ended about five years pre-zoot suit, some of the kids Jack knew in school managed to parlay mischief into being hauled before a judge of the juvenile court. Occasionally, someone stole a car and got caught; someone broke into a neighborhood grocery, swiped the candy bars and rifled the cash register, leaving an excellent set of fingerprints; some of the more adventurous went down on East First Street to roll drunks and were in turn hijacked by professionals.

In most cases, the motivating force behind these acts was a desire for money or for the things money could buy. Jack knew as much about poverty as any youngster in school, but he was never tempted to join in one of these forays. He had been drilled in an uncompromising ethical code by his English-Scotch-Irish mother and his Scotch-Irish grandmother. At that time, he hadn't the vaguest notion that *Dragnet* was in his future, or that the program's unspoken theme would be: Honest law-enforcement bodies are one of society's vital lines of defense against primitive savagery.

Jack was no great brain in school, but when he was graduated—after having served as student body president during his senior year—he was offered a scholarship at the University of Southern California and one at Chouinard Institute, one of the best art schools in the country. He had to reject both because of a draft through the family purse, which was open at both ends.

In 1938, this country was, as a man, wearing a short belt because of a thing called The Recession (there was a difference between it and The Depression which had preceded it—the spelling).

In defiance of all likelihood, newly graduated Jack Webb landed a job with a downtown clothing store specializing in men's wear; his income was to be twenty dollars a week, plus a commission arrangement. This "arrangement" presumed that the salesman would mesmerize every customer to the extent that the buyer would stagger out of the store laden with a suit, topcoat, socks, shirts, ties, and cufflinks.

The calculated underplaying which was to become, years later, the trademark of Sergeant Joe Friday, was already a part of the Jack Webb personality. He was constitutionally unable to sweet-talk a patron. If he thought one of his customers was on the verge of buying a blue worsted although the cheaper brown herringbone was more becoming, he stated his honest —and salary-slicing—opinion.

Sometimes, his simple candor was mistaken for complex laziness, indifference, or downright contrariness. His fellow salesmen tried to talk him out of treating potential customers as if they were human beings; to climb the monetary ladder, they pointed out, one must regard anything that entered the store as an empty clothes closet with built-in billfold.

The week following one such spirited pep talk, Salesman Webb outdid himself. He earned a bonus of six cents ($.06). As a gag, he turned it over to one of his friends, pointing out that the Alger legend had not died.

Not long ago, the friend returned this check, framed, to Jack. It had been kept through the years, because the friend was convinced that, once Jack found his medium, he would be able to write his personal check for six—followed by six zeros.

Certain of Jack's employers failed to share this confidence. Following his department store experience, Jack, with thinning soles, made the rounds of radio stations and motion picture studios in search of jobs. In the course of these ventures, it was revealed to Jack that radio engineering and picture sound-mixing had finally caught up with the Webb type of voice. He heard the appraisal again and again: "Your voice is an asset. You're a cinch for radio." His first week of catch-as-catch-can employment netted him around two dollars more than his best week in department store selling.

An even greater reward was Jack's conviction that at last he was headed in the right direction. It didn't occur to him that a sizable detour awaited around the next bend.

The detour was the Army Air Corps, which had abandoned its policy of accepting only cadets who had completed two years of college training, but which demanded that its fledglings be in excellent physical and mental condition and of unimpeachable moral character. That character classification assumed the absence of any police record whatsoever. One small traffic citation, particularly for speeding, was enough to draw a rejection.

At that time, Joe Friday had not been born, but he would have been pleased—in an official sort of way—to know that Jack Webb passed on all counts.

Jack's regard for the Air Corps is roughly comparable to the love of a mother whose handsome only son was born in her forty-fifth year. The Air Corps taught him to fly; it took him out of his own city and state for the first time in his life; it actually made use of almost all Jack's talents. It permitted him to do everything, from test-flying B-26's over Texas to writing, directing, producing, and acting in Air Corps shows.

After three and one-half years in uniform, Jack Webb (and about ten million other men) hit the streets in civvies that seemed pretty drab—after fifty-mission caps, Eisenhower jackets, paratrooper boots, "fruit salad," brass buttons and other insignia—and found the competition for jobs something fierce.

Quickly assaying the radio situation in Los Angeles, Jack hopped a plane for San Francisco. No matter what the conditions up north were, he reasoned, they couldn't be as congested as Hollywood and Vine.

The Golden Gate lived up to its timeless promise. Jack went to work in a series titled *Pat Novak For Hire,* along with a musical show dubbed *Pete Kelly's Blues.* Incidentally, the latter program will form the basis of a new *Pete Kelly* series to be televised this winter. Jack will play Pete Kelly against a Kansas City background showing how life was lived with "big music" during the tormented twenties. Probably, Jack will find a way of using some of the personal musical library of hot jazz which he has been collecting for the past eighteen years.

Jack's San Francisco period brought him love, as well as his first great success. At a Los Angeles party, while he was visiting his mother over a weekend, Jack met starlet Julie London (who had grown up a few blocks from Jack's home). Three or four months later, Jack decided—with typical Webb economy of time—that this

"I needed help so badly"

Thousands of people—in desperate need of understanding and advice—have been amazed to find the very help they were seeking, on radio's "My True Story." For the vivid dramas heard on this program are *real-life* problems of *real-life* people—people like yourself, your family, the folks next door. The heartfelt situations of love, hope, fear, jealousy are taken from the files of "True Story Magazine." Your very own problem might be dramatized at any time—so

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

R M *For amazing, heart-throbbing reading, "Reckless Sixteen" in December TRUE STORY at newsstands now is tremendous.*

was The Girl. So they were married.

Because Julie was getting a start in motion pictures, she had to remain in the south; Jack had to report for work each weekday morning in the north. The result was commuter housekeeping: The newlyweds would spend one weekend in Los Angeles, the next in San Francisco. With what cash was left over at the end of each month of hummingbird love, the Webbs began to furnish a Hollywood nest in sharp modern style. "Someday," they assured one another, "we'll both live in Los Angeles. Miss Julie London will be a topflight movie star, and Mr. Jack Webb will have a national sponsor and a thirty-minute Sunday show. . . ."

The kids had just bought their fourth chair and were preparing to invite another couple over for dinner, when Jack lost his radio shows because of collapsed sponsor budgets. He hastened to Los Angeles to comfort Julie, whose picture contract option had been dropped. For a while, the Webbs got by on spaghetti, macaroni, beans and mayonnaise sandwiches supplied by the forty dollars fortnightly Jack was able to eke out of a minor radio show.

One luxury was allowed: they spent as many evenings as possible in fifteen-cent movies—the only dramatic school Jack ever attended. He was a "natural" to begin with, but these sessions, no matter how bad the picture, instructed him in timing, adroit methods of building suspense, means of establishing an air of authenticity, and provided him with a library of voice tricks which was to prove priceless.

As a direct result, he began to pick up more and more radio and motion picture jobs (he worked in twenty or so) and was regarded as a highly promising newcomer when he was cast in a police department documentary.

True to type, Jack spent his spare time talking to the police officers who were serving as technical advisers on the picture. He was impressed by their complaints about the standard motion picture or radio mystery drama, in which the police work was so sloppy that an authentic plainclothes man or uniformed officer would have been kicked off the force for committing even one of fifty errors commonly permitted to occur in a dreamed-up script.

Furthermore, Jack admired the matter-of-fact manner in which officers discussed their experiences; many of them had the dignity and comprehensive knowledge of a college professor, the carefully disguised courage of a Marine sergeant, and the unsentimental compassion of an aging bartender.

On one of those days spent in shooting the police department documentary, Sergeant Joe Friday was born—and Friday proved to be pay day.

Jack and three bona fide police officers worked up the first *Dragnet* show, recorded it, and submitted it to the Los Angeles chief of police for an opinion. He gave it a clean bill of health.

Next, Jack tried it on the NBC hierarchy and met with less enthusiasm. Not enough blood or blondes, they said. The public was accustomed to hearing the effervescence of champagne between screams and the thud of falling bodies. However, when not selling suits, Jack Webb is a hard man to discourage. He talked the network into giving him a four-week contract, which is probably where *you* came in.

The years since that first *Dragnet* broadcast in 1949 have been financially good to Jack. But the very fact of success has not brought the same amount of compatibility between Jack and Julie. Julie has filed for divorce after she and Jack tried innumerable reconciliations. But nothing has ever come easy to Jack Webb—even love.

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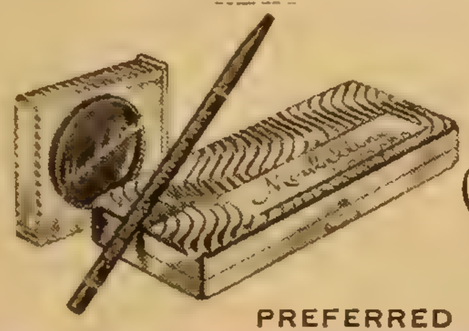

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R
M

What's New from

(*Continued from page* 11)

Following his critic raves for his work in the movie, "From Here To Eternity," he broke all records at the Riviera night club in New Jersey, and was deluged with sensational offers from every branch of the entertainment industry. Milton Berle paid Frankie-boy $6000 for a guest appearance, and NBC quickly resumed contract talks, taking up where they left off last year when they decided at the last moment not to sign him. Presently they are planning a straight dramatic radio show for Sinatra, which he would probably transcribe so that he could do one or more of the movies he has been offered. M-G-M already has his signature on a contract to co-star with his beautiful bride, Ava Gardner, in a big musical, "St. Louis Woman," which will go into production as soon as the script is ready.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were thrilled with the overwhelming fan reaction in her recent run-in accusing her of having registered to vote as a Communist in the 1936 primary elections in Los Angeles. She was flooded with letters and telegrams from fans all over the country asserting they were on her side. Following complete investigation the House Un-American Activities Committee gave out the statement at a press conference, "There is no indication that Lucille Ball ever was a member of the Communist Party." And everyone seems to still love Lucy.

This 'n' That:

Comedian Steve Allen has signed a contract with Capitol Records to make a series of kiddie records, which will be fairy tales in jazz-jive lingo, believe it or not. And Allen will receive a very nice royalty because he's writing the material, doing the narrations and playing the piano accompaniment.

Speaking of records, Eddie Fisher, who seems to get more popular every week, was recently presented with his second gold platter from RCA Victor when his etching of "I'm Walking Behind You" sold over 1,000,000 copies. Eddie previously received a gold disc for his big hit, "Anytime." Since the start of his career, Fisher has sold more than 10,000,000 recordings. That's a lot of crooning!

Columnist Hedda Hopper is the latest personality to swing to television. Hedda, who was a veteran film actress before turning to the typewriter, is working on her own half-hour video-drama series in which she will appear as hostess and also perform from time to time. Sponsor willing, it will originate from Hollywood, probably on film.

Congratulations to radio scripter Bill Barrett and his actress-wife, Helen, on the arrival of a baby daughter. Barrett is the author of *Hawkins Falls* and *The Bennetts.*

It looks like Betty Furness really started something when she opened and shut refrigerator doors so successfully, doing the Westinghouse commercials. Now General Electric, Westinghouse's big rival, has signed Kathi Norris to a long-term exclusive contract to be the commercial gal, good will ambassador, etc., with their products. And Candy Jones, the former model and cover girl, has tied up with the Colgate company to "glamorize" their merchandise via radio and television.

Though comedian Jackie Gleason was most anxious to switch his Saturday night CBS-TV show to the Coast this season, he has definitely decided to remain in New York. The main reason was that Art Carney, his chief male laugh support on the program, refused to leave the East.

When Lanny Ross returned to his Sunday-afternoon musical show over Mutual, following his summer vacation, he started his sixth year with the network. He says it's hard to believe he has been on radio for twenty-five years. Lanny began singing on the air back in 1928 and his career has had only one interruption since—U.S. Army service during World War II.

Have you had trouble with a Venetian blind lately? The producers of Dave Garroway's *Today* TV show had some lighting difficulties on the program which they solved with a Venetian blind. It's only the world's largest, covering the upper two-thirds of the 27-foot-high windows of the RCA Exhibition Hall on 49th Street in New York. It took twenty-nine stainless steel cables to hold the 140 slats in place, the blind being 88 feet long and 18 feet high. Engineers can operate it by button controls which run the three electric motors. Oh, yes, there's a master switch to completely lower or raise it for cleaning purposes.

Songstress Helen Forrest won an interlocutory divorce decree from her husband, Paul Holahan, in Hollywood. She may try a comeback via radio or television.

Eddie Fisher received another gold disc for "I'm Walking Behind You."

Newcomer Marilyn Budgen is playing it smart with more than one job.

Fred Allen reports he's a cinch to get an Xmas present with a foreign accent this year. His wife, Portland Hoffa, is off on a whirlwind tour of Europe, accompanied by two of her sisters.

Marguerite Piazza, the beauteous operatic vocal star, won't be seen on *Your Show Of Shows* this season as often as last. Marguerite is cutting down on all her professional activities because of her recent marriage to William Condon. Her bridegroom is vice-president of a snuff manufacturing concern in Memphis, Tennessee, and he has bought Marguerite a beautiful home there. She'll commute to New York whenever she has a television or radio commitment, but will limit her concert activities this year.

Movie talent scouts are famed for discovering future glamour stars sipping sodas at drugstore counters, but cute Marilyn Budgen is convinced the best way to be discovered for a career in television is to be spied while working in a reception booth. That's just what Marilyn was doing at CBS' Sunset Boulevard studios in Hollywood when Guy della Cioppa, vice-president in charge of network programs for CBS Radio in Hollywood, took a second look as he was entering the studios. He decided she was pretty enough to be an actress—if she had any talent. Marilyn had an audition, and came through with flying colors. She had received dramatic training previously and took her recep-

Coast to Coast

tionist job with a radio career very much in mind. To date, she has had parts on *Gunsmoke, Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar* and *Rogers of the Gazette.* But, until she gets really established behind the microphone, she is staying behind the reception booth, just in case, and will act whenever anyone gives her the chance.

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. J. K., Columbus, Indiana: I am sure the Gracie Barrie I referred to a couple of months ago could not possibly be the Gracie King Barrie you mentioned. The Gracie I mentioned was a well-known radio singer several years ago who has recently been playing the night-club circuit. She played the Last Frontier in Las Vegas just a few weeks back. . . . Miss M. N., Soda Springs, Idaho: Yes, Frank Parker has been married and divorced. His former wife has remarried, and very happily so, and Frank prefers her name not to be mentioned in any of his publicity.... Misses F. T. and L. W. of Eagle Grove, Iowa, and all the other readers who wrote asking about Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe: No, they do not go steady, they are not engaged, and they are not secretly married to each other. Marion and Frank are good friends, they enjoy working together and, if they seem to be making eyes when they sing duets, maybe it's because a love song looks better that way on television. . . . Mr. K. J. B., Butte, Montana: Tallulah Bankhead is not doing any regular radio show at this time. However, there are rumors about that La Bankhead is interested in femceeing an audience participation show being dreamed up by Mark Goodson and Bill Todman, the quiz gentlemen who do *What's My Line, Two For The Money, Judge For Yourself,* etc. . . . Miss M. D., New York City: You are right and your uncle is wrong. Red Buttons did a long stretch in burlesque. At the age of eighteen, following graduation from high school, Red was the youngest comedian ever under contract to the Minskys. . . . Miss J. B., Allegan, Michigan, and all who keep asking about *One Man's Family* on television: The program is still on radio, but unfortunately still off TV. NBC says they would love to put it back before the cameras if they had the right time spot and, from the mail queries on this program, the viewers would love to have it back, too.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Hope Emerson, well-known comedienne who used to appear on many radio shows originating in the East? Hope is at present in Hollywood, where she has been concentrating on movie work. At the moment, she is making laughs with Bob Hope in his new picture, "Casanova," on the Paramount lot, and there's a possibility that she will be back in New York later this year for a Broadway show.

Jack Lemmon, the popular radio actor who used to be heard on many programs? Jack is also in movietown, and doing very well for himself. He has been signed to play the top male role in the musical version of "My Sister Eileen," opposite Judy Holliday, and it was at Judy's suggestion that he was considered for the part.

Reinald Werrenrath, famous radio and concert singer of yesteryear? Mr. Werrenrath passed away early in September, in Plattsburg, New York, at the age of 70. During the early days of radio, he sang over Station WEAF, in New York, which later became part of the NBC network, and he was a member of NBC's music staff for many years. His last public appearance was in October of last year, when he sang in a recital at Carnegie Hall.

Robert Haag, who used to play Bill on the *Rosemary* serial? Bob hasn't been playing the part for many weeks, and listeners were quick to pick up the change in voice. Bill is now played by another Bob—Robert Readick. Haag, however, is still Dr. Jeff Browning on *Hilltop House.*

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all the questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

(NOTE: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station or channel.)

Frank Sinatra is scoring a great comeback in radio, TV and movies.

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than single-purpose laxatives which have no effect on the acid indigestion that usually accompanies constipation. For Milk of Magnesia relieves *both* conditions. Two to four tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work *leisurely* — without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling wonderful. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia — the best laxative money can buy.

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Also available in tablet form 30 tablets.....28¢

Everyone Wants to Be Wanted

(*Continued from page* 30)

of a kid out there in left field wasn't you. Faced with the wonderful chance to become a hero and end the game right there, he turned all thumbs. The hand inside the fielder's glove seemed to develop a built-in stutter, and his feet refused to coordinate. The descending ball hit him on the shoulder and then hopped off right between his outstretched hands, and rolled on the ground. Before the gangling kid could do something about fielding it, the winning run was across home plate.

I know exactly how that kid felt, because I stood in that awkward fourteen-year-old body in Sheboygan that day. I can still remember my mental anguish as I shuffled up the walk at home. At the moment, full of personal disaster, I never dreamed that a day would come when I could say, honestly, "I'm glad that I was a poor athlete."

I have nothing but admiration for people who can be good athletes, but in my own case, the lack of athletic ability turned out to be the key to a life full of happiness. At the heart of the matter, of course, was a pair of kindly and understanding parents who helped me turn that key.

At the outset, I guess I was what used to be called "a sickly child." It took a lot of patience for my folks to get me through those first years. But Grandfather and Grandmother pitched in, too, and between them shared the burden. What a burden it must have been, at times! I know what it means for a parent to have happy, healthy youngsters. I have several of my own. That makes me all the more appreciative of the thankless chore it must be for fathers and mothers of kids who don't get off to a running start in life.

By the time I was twelve, they should have been able to expect some relief from the problem, but I suddenly became all hands and feet and began to sprout. By the time I was in the eighth grade, I was more than six feet tall, wearing size 10 shoes and weighing in at something lighter than a Panama hat. Among youngsters of my own age I towered like a walking beanpole. Most of the games I was able to play were played at half-mast, because I had to bend double to get down on a level with other boys in my grade. Trying to play with older boys was almost as futile. While I had the necessary height, that was all I did have. My hands and feet just didn't want to track right, and the necessary coordination was missing.

I was the typical case of the boy who grows up too fast. Unable to play baseball because my stringy arms didn't want to reach out for the ball at the right time or place, I wasn't able to participate in running games, either, because it took more energy than I had, and those big feet would get tangled up together.

Up to this point in my personal story, I have told you about a kind of boy who is familiar, not because his case is too common, but because there are enough like him so that people can recognize the pattern. It's the pattern of poor adjustment, lack of coordination, lack of ability to compete in the regular pastimes of childhood. In other words, it's the pattern for frustration. The truly remarkable fact about my own case is that I wasn't allowed to become frustrated.

My parents urged me to play with other children on a normal basis, but when I came stumbling home, full of my various defeats, I was never once allowed to believe that those defeats were important. One thing they taught me at a very early age is that everyone, in his own individual way, excels at something. There were boys in my block who could toss a ball better, or run better. My folks told me that was fine, but if I tried I could be better than other boys in some other way. There was one fat boy, for instance, who was a very good football center because he was so heavy none of the other kids could push him over. But, at the same time, this fat boy wasn't as good at marbles as I was—and, when marble season is on, it doesn't make any difference what you did last fall in football.

Slowly, it began to enter my mind that my long, awkward body didn't make any difference. When I got home from fumbling that fly ball, Dad was there. He had come home early to bring some drawing materials he picked up downtown, and before I had time to let the other thing really hurt me I was deep in the wonderful world that opens up on a drawing pad.

By the time high school came along, my folks had given me the kind of fortitude that admits no defeat. Other youngsters went out for football or basketball or track. That was okay with me. Let them. I went out for the class presidency and other kinds of school activities.

I want to digress in this story a little bit, to do some thinking about people in general. Everybody likes to be appreciated, children and grownups alike. Being appreciated is almost as necessary to us as the air we breathe, and I think, when you come right down to it, the anxiety to be appreciated is behind every single success story that has ever been written. This doesn't have anything to do with vanity, but it does have to do with that basic human urge to be wanted. And, when that urge is strong enough, it overcomes adversity. The eye that was blinded finds its job being taken over by the good eye; a man with one arm finds amazing skills developing in the remaining member; if shortness of stature is a handicap, an ambitious shorty will strive to make himself a spiritual nine feet tall. All that is needed is the collateral understanding and help of people who are true friends. It's as simple as that.

One blessing of having to take a slower way in finding my career was the discovery that every individual, regardless of who he is, has a story that's worth knowing about. Because I couldn't run, I had to walk—and, when you have to walk, the pace is leisurely enough so that you can find out about people you would otherwise miss. At the time, of course, I didn't realize that this situation was pointing to my own destiny. For years, I hesitated to get up in front of people for fear they would laugh. Today, it's just the other way around. When I get up in front of people now, my chief worry is that they won't laugh.

And, while seeking ways in which I could shine in spite of physical handicaps, I stumbled, unwittingly, upon the roots of my present career. There wasn't a humor column in the high school paper and so, laboriously at first, I tried to write one. After a while it wasn't so laborious to do, although the gags were pretty labored. But, stuffy as my humor must have been at that age, I was still the best there was on the paper—an unalloyed (if unhallowed) victory!

Of course, I eventually grew up to fit my own frame. These days I take smug enjoyment out of being aligned on occasion beside such stellar golfing athletes as Bob Hope and Bing Crosby and making them look anemic. But I still have to put myself in the spectator category at the various kinds of sports fests. For me, appearances notwithstanding, active sports are still on the taboo list—and a pretty good example of why this is so can be found in the story of what happened to me in bowling. Of course, I suppose that nobody ever does get over the challenge that sports will present. I was lured into tossing a bowling ball for the first time while still in college and found that I could do it with reasonable precision. Gradually, I even worked up to an average of 175, which is considered pretty good for a radio comedian or anybody else.

Then, a couple of years ago, I tossed one ball that turned around and tossed me into the hospital. I don't know whether you've ever been strung up in a traction harness because of a slipped spinal disc, but I can assure you it's a revival of what they used to call "the rack" in days of yore. Of course, the atmosphere is more polite and a good deal more antiseptic than some ancient dungeon; the intern with his note pad isn't quite the same thing as the man who used to "put the question" in the old days, but the effect is the same. They pull you out longer than you're supposed to be, and eventually let you snap back into shape when the inquisitors are satisfied.

But, even while I was in the hospital, the fact that my bowling days were over didn't fill me with any sense of woe. I knew by now that bowling was something I could leave to other people and that, if I wanted recreation, I would inevitably find it in some other field. And a "field" is precisely where I found it. I discovered that game-bird hunting or fishing were very satisfactory pastimes, too, and the competition wasn't so strenuous.

Nowadays, of course, I can make an adjustment like that automatically. What I realize now (and only half-suspected as a kid) is that the world is a big, wide place with plenty of opportunity in it. Also, there's no necessity, really, to try to compete with the other fellow on the basis of his own individual skill. Almost every person, however humble, has some ability that puts him above the common level. All that it takes is the encouragement to make it appear.

But perhaps the best argument in favor of seeking natural channels is the undisputed fact that we are all so different from one another. It's perfectly true that we are much alike in many respects, but right down at the core we are individual men or women or boys or girls. There is only one Sam Cowling, for instance, and I suppose that fact may not be an unmitigated catastrophe. But what I want to make clear is that happiness results when the individual is given a chance to develop along the lines of his own best talents. We can't just shove everybody in the same mold like blobs of gelatin. It would be a very uninteresting world if we did. I often think of how my own youngsters are developing and how different each one is. Sure, there are similarities of pattern, but in many ways they are completely individual, with individual likes, dislikes, attitudes, and skills.

One of the secrets of the *Breakfast Club* has been our willingness to assume that the other fellow is interesting. We haven't been let down yet, because we take the time to stop and ask people about themselves. The result is always rewarding. There's only one general rule we've ever been able to discover: "There are no unimportant people."

We Were Not Too Young for Love

(*Continued from page 49*)

Are you in the band? Are you married? Go on, you're too young to be married! Are you his wife? Gimme your autograph!"

Finally it got too much for me, and I started using the stage-door entrance. One night, Gordon left with me. The next day Horace Heidt told me point-blank that the "front exit" was part of the business. Autographs were good for Gordon. He felt sorry that I was afraid, but the crowd, after all, was the business. I would have to learn.

Horace was very kind, though. He explained to me that my fear was really just part of my personality. We can learn to control our personalities. I could learn to control my fear, if I worked at it. It's lucky my parents lived so far away, because I remember that—at the moment—I was close to packing my bags and giving up. That first year I must have packed and unpacked nine times!

But I *did* get my mother-in-law on the phone. She'd always been wonderful about advice—that is, she'd never given too much. In this case, she told me to find *more to do.* Go to museums, take up golf (Gordon's game), and *work at liking the crowds.* That's what Horace had said. So I set out to try.

I started going to more museums—without telling the gang where I spent my time. And I got up at six A.M. to play golf with Gordon.

Here, again, it was the strength of youth that helped me. Golf is physical, and Gordon is a physical man. Yet there had been nothing in my books about golf! I had to work to keep up with Gordon, but I was eighteen years young and had the strength. I learned to play golf.

I also found that golf courses across this country are beautiful early in the morning. They're quiet. There are few people. And Gordon and I learned more about one another on the golf course, early in the morning, than we'd known in all the time up till then.

I had just begun to work at overcoming my shyness, when the war came. Gordon went into the Air Force as a flying cadet with $75.00 a month pay. So I needed a job.

The first thing I thought of was "dramatic actress," perhaps on radio. But when I went to the radio station in Springfield, Illinois, where Gordon was stationed, they didn't need me. However, one station manager said, "How about a commercial show? We might try you as a lady disc jockey. Had any experience?"

With my heart standing still, I said, "Yes, I can do it."

"Good," the station manager said, "you can open the station tomorrow morning at five A.M.!"

Yes, I opened the station at five A.M. I turned the key that connected us to the Blue Network. Then I gave the morning news, read commercials, ran the disc-jockey show (four to five hours a day) and, in between, learned what makes a radio station go.

In the process, I was learning how to let down, to meet people and make friends. The stint at the station was great for my personality. My shyness began to melt.

When Gordon came out of the service, we had a radio show together. It was a situation comedy. I wrote it and played a part on it, as a teenager. When I became too pregnant to fit the part, we had to give it up. But I remember it as our happiest years to that time.

With the arrival of Meredith, our first child, I gave up performing. Then, while Heather and Gar were arriving, Gordon was working at the studios. It wasn't until this present season, when we went on the road together, that I realized I was out of practice.

Because I hadn't been working at it, I was once again shy in front of an audience. I was eager to rehearse with Gordon all day, if necessary, in order to get my part of the act perfect—and in order to overcome my lack of confidence. But there wasn't time, because of Gordon's picture commitments. The first night we went on the stage, I trembled like a kitten in the cold. I knew something would happen.

It did. During a turn I broke the heel of my shoe. Crack! To me, it sounded like a pistol shot of doom. And, when the heel split, my confidence split with it. I stood there tongue-tied, thinking, *I'll never go on the stage again!*

One thing early marriage had taught me was: you had to learn to adjust to new situations. You've got to be "elastic." With one shoe on and one shoe off, I found myself in a new situation. I would *have* to adjust—but what should I do? I smiled at the broken shoe and started *singing* to the tune instead of *dancing.* The audience thought this was great fun—and laughed. As far as I was concerned, that was the proper reaction.

I feel that "being able to adjust" is one of the most important things parents can teach their children. I think our children, Meredith, Heather, and Gar, are learning to do just this—I hope!

I remember once on the tour, the audience clapped for the children to sing along with us. Gar showed how easily *he* could adjust. The children had three choruses of "Doggie in the Window" prepared and, when asked, showed no hesitancy about performing. When they reached the second chorus, however, young Gar's memory failed him. But he wasn't bothered. In place of the words he *laughed* through the second and third choruses. I call that "well-adjusted."

Outside of this, and the shoe incident, nothing else dramatic happened during the first six weeks of our tour. Then, one day in Montreal, Gordon made a statement that completely threw me. "Sheila," he said, "did you know that you haven't sung sharp or flat *once* in our first six weeks? Everybody in the band thinks it's terrific—especially for a beginner!"

This was a case where ignorance was bliss. I had never realized that *every* singer gets "frogs" in his throat once in a while. As soon as Gordon said that, I began to feel the muscles in *my* throat contract.

"I wish you hadn't told me," I said. Before we went on stage that night, I knew I would get off key.

I did.

Gordon laughed. "You're flat," he said.

"Oh!" was all I could say, but I felt like crying. Nobody else seemed to notice! I quickly used Gordon's favorite remedy—*smiling.* Smiling, I found, relaxed some of the muscles in the throat. I was once again on key.

So these incidents, I hope, go to prove my point. Young marriages are good for three reasons: Youngsters have more physical stamina—to open a radio station at five A.M., for example; they have shorter memories—and forget last week's trials or the fact that they were going to run home to Mother; and finally, they can adjust easily. Their youth has fitted them to sing life's song. But, if they should forget the words, then—like my son, Gar—they are better prepared to laugh at the second and third chorus.

Scoop Close-Up!

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JOE AND MARILYN"

Are Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe married? Those in the know say yes—and no! Here, for the first time, the limelight-shy DiMaggio himself makes a statement. Read it in . . .

December

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PHOTOPLAY

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Information Booth

(*Continued from page* 12)

na twenty-eight years ago. When she was three, her family moved to Czechoslovakia where they remained until 1939, when the Germans took over. In 1941, sixteen-year-old Susan came to America, determined to make her name here as an actress. After sixty auditions and endless perserverance, she got her first microphone role on CBS Radio's *School Of The Air*. This led to a part in the serial *Wilderness Road*. Broadway claimed her in such plays as "Prologue to Glory" and "He Who Gets Slapped." She also appeared in such movies as "Lost Boundaries" and "Forbidden Journey." While making "Forbidden Journey" in Canada, Susan met a fellow Czech, Jan Rubes, a concert singer, whom she later married. Susan and Jan now live in New York and share common interests and hobbies which include sculpturing and painting, baseball, golf, dogs and horses.

Added Information

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me if it's possible to purchase a book with the names, places, and years of birth of radio and television stars?

T. M., Cambridge, Mass.

We certainly can, and there is! What's more, it's our own TV-Radio Annual, which gives a host of information, including vital statistics about radio and TV stars. It's on sale now at newsstands everywhere.

Roberta Quinlan

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some information about the beautiful and talented Roberta Quinlan. Is she married?

M. L. E., Little Rock, Ark.

This pert songstress started her career in St. Louis singing for a local station. From there she went on tour with Will Osborn's orchestra and, during the war, she organized her own all-girl band. While she and her band were playing for the workers of the Grumman airplane plant in Long Island, Roberta met an executive, Jack Quinlan, whom she soon married. After she and her husband returned from a stay in Europe, where "Bobbie" did radio and TV shows and entertained the Army in Germany and France, she concentrated on New York television. She became particularly outstanding on the *Mohawk Show Room* with Morton Downey.

Roberta Quinlan

Nila Mack

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me something about Nila Mack whom we heard for so many years on Let's Pretend. *Was she sick long?*

Mrs. E. J., Centerville, S. D.

Beloved Nila Mack, known as "The Fairy Godmother of Radio," died suddenly from a heart attack last January. She started *Let's Pretend* on CBS in 1930 after a career in vaudeville and on the stage. She was married to Roy Briant, who died in 1927. Throughout her radio career, Miss Mack received numerous awards for the best children's program on radio. She was the first to cast children instead of adults in make-believe stories and was responsible for launching talented young stars such as Peter Donald, Skippy Homeier and Donald Buka in their careers. Miss Mack also wrote many children's stories for magazines, a book called *Animal Allies*, and a *Let's Pretend* story book.

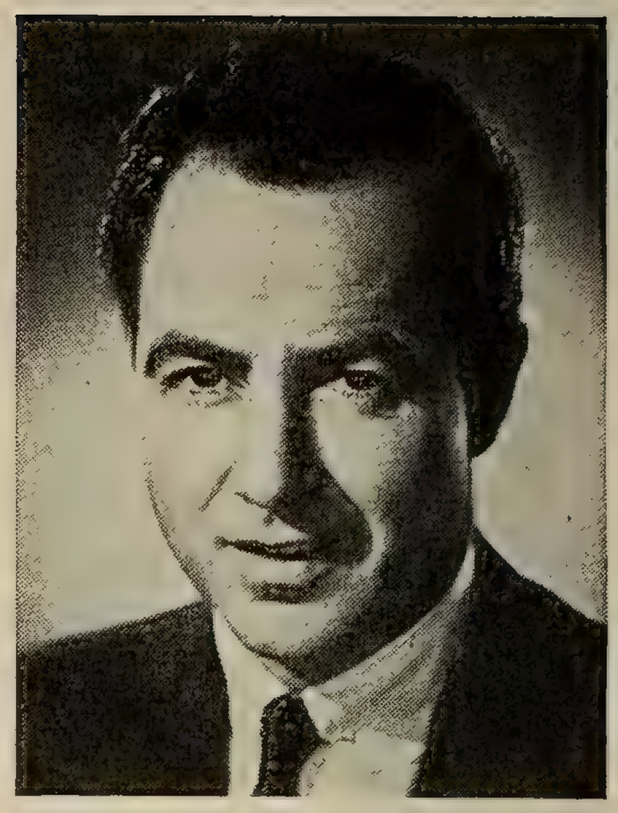
Handsome Hero

Dear Editor:

Will you please print a picture of Terry O'Sullivan who portrays Arthur Tate on Search For Tomorrow *and tell me a little about him.*

Y. L., New Orleans, La.

Born and raised in Kansas City, Terry O'Sullivan started his professional career acting in dramatic tent shows in the Middle West. From there he moved to radio announcing and covered a host of cities, including Kansas City, Oklahoma City, and San Diego. An eight-year stay in Hollywood saw Terry as a commercial announcer and actor. He appeared on shows such as *Glamour Manor*, the *Jack Smith Show*, and as announcer for Sam Hayes' newscasts. Three years ago, Terry came to New York and has spent most of his time since then in television. Besides his role as Arthur Tate on *Search For Tomorrow*, he is an announcer on other programs, including Jan Murray's *A Dollar A Second* and the *Esso Reporter*. He is married to Jan Miner, who plays Julie Paterno in *Hilltop House*. Terry especially enjoys doing handy-man jobs around the house and also likes to hunt, fish, and cook, all of which he does very well.



Terry O'Sullivan

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio-TV Mirror, *205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.*

Beloved Beauty

Dear Editor:

I have always admired Betty Ann Grove who sings and dances on The Big Payoff. *Would you give me some background information on her?*

A. F., LaCygne, Kans.

Pretty and petite Betty Ann was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on September 9, 1929. She started taking dancing lessons when she was four and turned professional at eleven, when she sang and danced for local service clubs in her home town. During high school, she performed at fashion shows in Boston department stores. Betty's biggest hope was to appear on the Broadway stage, which she accomplished via television. After appearing on *Stop The Music*, she was offered the part of Bianca in "Kiss Me Kate" and was a great success. But, by then, the variety of TV appealed to her more than stage work, so she welcomed the offer of featured singer-comedienne on the *Bert Parks Show*. Her star of success has shone brighter than ever since she joined *The Big Payoff*, and she is rapidly earning the reputation of show business' most versatile singer. Betty lives in New York City with her mother and Cyrano, her pet dachshund.

"The Lonely Years Taught Me!"

(*Continued from page* 44)

says Ann. "Still, it seems so sad that it takes a drastic order to goad some of us into seeking the truth. I believe we are put on this earth for a purpose. The happy and fortunate ones know the reason, while the rest of us float in a vacuum . . . unknowing . . . resisting . . . devoid of a philosophy that brings peace of mind.

"Until my illness, I wasn't aware of the lack in my life. But, when you come close to the great beyond, an old adage hits home with tremendous impact.

"It *is* later than you think, and something inside of you yearns to reach out into space and hold on fast. You believe you are going to die. When you know you are going to live, you recognize a need for that extra *something* to work for you. And so starts the search."

Being a basic person, a fact-finder possessed of patience, Ann began at the beginning. She looked into her own heart.

"I made a mental list of my blessings," confesses Ann. "Included were devoted friends, a beautiful home, my adorable eight-year-old daughter Tish. I felt grateful, I felt rich. Where, then, had I failed along the way, I asked myself. Something was missing in my life. Wherever it was—whatever it was—how could I find it?

"While I was anything but agnostic, my relationship with a Higher Power had been neglected, rather than ignored. So I read the Bible again. I read traditional books on philosophy, books written by great men who died still searching for the key to life and living. Why hadn't I taken time for spiritual meditation before? Why? Why? Once 'on the inside looking out,' I was beginning to see a new light."

Looking at life in retrospect proved to be a revelation for Ann. Subjective thinking, false values, personal indulgence—with too much emphasis on material things—were all part of the pattern. With lives geared as they are today, Ann had felt compelled to move along at a catastrophic clip. God's blessings—with good health heading a long list—alas, had been taken for granted.

The body is a machine and, when driven too hard, it gives out. Ann's physical resistance was at lowest ebb when she was stricken with infectious hepatitis—commonly known as the "Yellow Killer." A thyroidectomy and a major abdominal operation ensued in rapid succession. While medical science eventually fulfilled its inestimable role, Ann never would have survived without help from a Higher Court.

"Not until I was deprived of the simple things, the *free* things, did they achieve monumental importance in my life," Ann believes. "When I recognized the truth, I felt ashamed and, from that moment on, I knew I must make each day count. How? With constructive thoughts, guidance, and direction. What had seemed to be so important in the past was inconsequential to me now. Waste of any kind is a sin. I never want to be guilty of it again."

Not only does Ann count her blessings daily, she gives thanks for them, too. Twelve hours a day, six days a week, are consumed on a television sound stage. As Susan Camille MacNamara, a *Private Secretary* who knows for sure the difference between shorthand and a long chance, she brightens the hearts and homes of viewers all over the country. If you knew "Susie" like her intimates know "Susie," you'd know the weekly telecast is a great source of satisfaction to Ann.

"During a long illness, even friends and family can't always be with you," she recalls. "So radio and television were my only contact with the outside world. I try to remember this, but when you're exhausted—and I often am—it's so easy to feel a little sorry for yourself. That's when I think of the shut-ins, people in isolated places, and the world-weary ones, and I hope my comedies help them to forget their troubles. Pollyanna? Why not?—if it helps!"

Having learned to appreciate the simple pleasures of life, Ann never wants to lose contact again. Despite her strenuous schedule she believes with all her heart that we can find time for things *if* we honestly want to do them. So she is doing them! She's studying French again, painting in oils, driving along the beach, and lying in the sun. As a child, she loved to sew, so she's back to making lamp shades and pillows. Once again, she's re-discovered her music, and her voice has never been better.

"I wouldn't exactly say I tackle some of these things under the most ideal circumstances," laughs Ann. "One midnight recently, I was out in my garden with a flashlight—planting tulip bulbs. With only my best interests at heart, my good neighbors called the police!"

Enhanced by her new-found philosophy, Ann's capacity for gratefulness now knows no bounds. The serenity surrounding her is reflected in her happy household, and peace seems to permeate all who enter. Ann's illness belongs to the past, she prefers to forget it. But, ironically, there are constant reminders which tie in with the present. Like that very special Christmas morning, for example—Ann's eyes mist when she recalls it.

"It was the most memorable of my life. For the first time in three long, enervating years I was well enough to come downstairs. My reception had indeed been planned with tender thought and care."

They were all waiting for her below—Ann's beloved mother, little Tish, good friend Richard Egan (Hollywood's rising new star), and Ann's faithful nurse. A recording of Richard's deep, resonant voice floated up to Ann on the stairway, and she clung to the banister and listened:

"Trust Him when dark deeds assail thee,
Trust Him when thy needs are small,
Trust Him when to simply trust Him
Seems the hardest thing of all."

Nothing before or since—*ever*—has touched so deeply the good person who inspired it.

It's called—"A Prayer For Ann."

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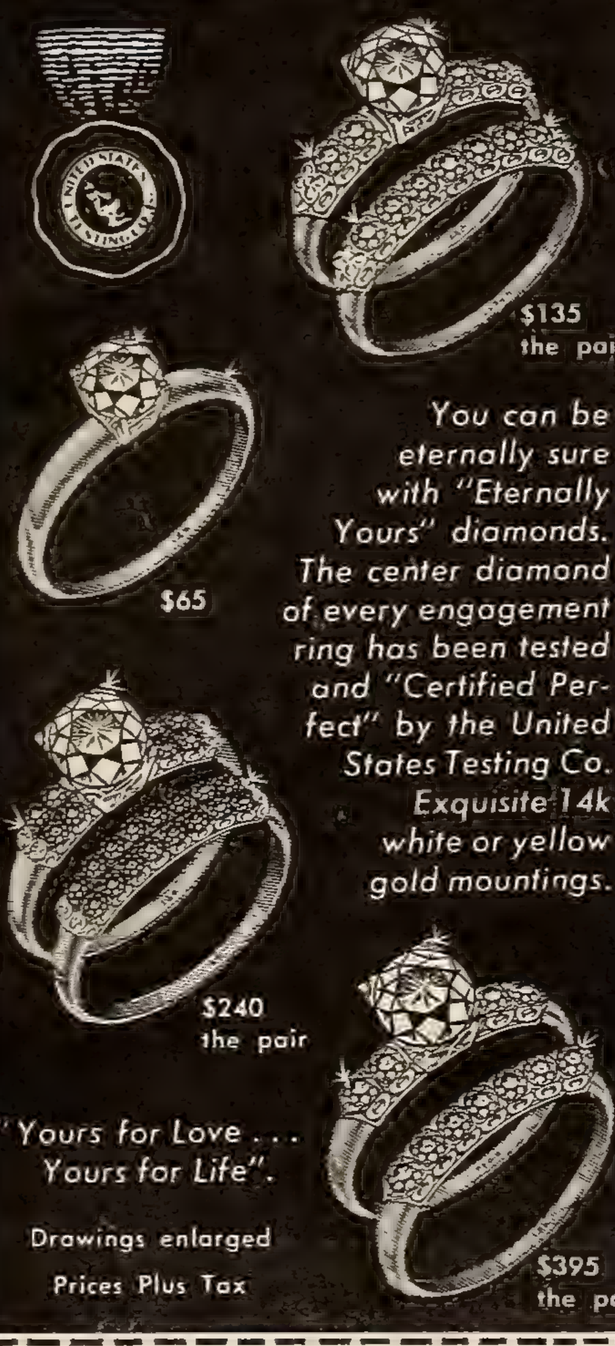

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December

True Story

At Newsstands Everywhere

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M

My Son, Liberace

(*Continued from page* 41)

Valentino Liberace), Angelina, and Rudy; and in the dark time when we prayed to God to save Lee's infected hand. Each time, my prayers were answered and we were pulled through by our faith.

The time Lee almost lost his hand was, for him, most desolate of all the times. He was just sixteen years old, and the infection hit him when he was preparing for his first transcontinental tour. He had been practicing and working toward this day since he was four years old—and then it was almost stopped by an accident of fate.

Lee had never been a complainer. Though he had been working at his piano eight and ten hours a day and the pain from a torn hangnail must have bothered him—he never said a word. It wasn't until he came down with a *fever* from the infection that I noticed the red welt running snakelike up his arm.

We rushed him to the doctor's office in Milwaukee. After a few seconds of examination, the doctor said, "We'll have to cut off that finger. We'll have to cut it off right *now* or he may lose his hand!"

The news was a shock. My first impulse was to reach out, to gather up my son in my arms and protect him from the doctor's scalpel. "No!" I said. "No, you aren't to touch him!" and I whirled Lee out of the office and back to our house.

I knew that a forgiving God would not punish a gentle soul like Lee so severely. The loss of his hand, or of a finger, would be enough to destroy twelve years' work in an instant—and right at the time when all his concentrated effort was about to bring success to him.

So I took his life in my hands and—praying to God that what I was doing was right—I got alcohol from the druggist and began bathing his hand. I remembered a compress my mother used to make with hot milk. I prepared a similar compress and kept the heat on Lee's hand till he couldn't stand it any hotter.

Lee had put his fate in God's hands, but his faith in me wasn't one hundred per cent. When I pressed on the first hot compress, he winced and said, "Mother, milk will not help. You are surely going to kill me altogether!"

During the days we alternated with the alcohol and the compresses, I never once gave up my rock-like faith—even though the fever stubbornly did not break. As we waited, I prayed and, about the third week, my prayers were answered. The fever *did* begin to lose its power and the vicious fire in Lee's arm began to retreat. Though the fever was finally beaten, it was weeks before he could begin practicing again.

However, Lee loved the piano and his hand was safe. Finally, in the middle of his sixteenth year, he was ready to make his first concert tour—and was an immediate success.

But for any success as big as Lee's, you have to overcome many obstacles. The first sudden pain was the loss of his father. With four children and no immediate income, I was hard-pressed to give the children even the barest of necessities. Piano lessons at this time, of course, were a luxury.

However, I had not stopped to count my blessings; in this case, I mean my children. We found ourselves suddenly thrust into the grocery business, and all at once I became aware of four "silent" partners.

George, my eldest boy, whom you now see with his wonderful violin, used to get up at four A.M. to go down to the commission house in Milwaukee to do the buying. Rudy, my youngest, with his cheerful face, kept me smiling at the customers. Angelina and Lee made their first personal appearances as delivery clerks.

The period of hardship was soon over and the store was making a profit. I was then able to turn my attention and time to my family. Since all of my children (except Rudy, who was too young) were interested in music, I had them take lessons.

I never had to coax Lee. He'd been at the piano from the time he was four. In fact, I couldn't get him away from it. "Lee, it's time to eat," or "Lee, it's time to dress," never got through to him. I'm sure that if he could have slept on that piano bench he would have!

One of the shining moments of Lee's early life was the day he was visited by the world-famed pianist, Ignace Paderewski. Paderewski was an old family friend and had honored us with a visit, bringing with him a miniature golden piano as a souvenir. Lee was very impressed and Paderewski became one of his idols. As a result, Lee's goals today are: to continue to play for his TV audience—and to play with the symphony orchestras and on the concert stage as Paderewski did.

The most important thing I learned in this early life with my children was that you had to *give* love to *get* love. So many parents do not make time for their children today. The children come looking for love and affection and they get answers like: "Leave Daddy alone, he's tired," or "Get out of here with your silly questions!" Many times the children grow up and "get out" just as soon as they can. Then the parents, when they grow older, wonder why their children don't pay them any attention.

I remember, for example, the first time Lee was in Hollywood. I was thrilled to know he hadn't forgotten me when he wrote and said, "Mom, here I am living alone in this hotel and you're living alone back there in Milwaukee. I sure would like to have you come out here—we could get a place in the Valley. It would be swell to be together again!"

So, in one month's time, I packed up and moved to Hollywood, after living thirty-eight years in Wisconsin. Lee was wonderful to me. He knew that I would miss my old friends at first, so he went out of his way to introduce me to all of *his* friends. I soon had a wide circle of acquaintances—and *now* I'm so busy I hardly have time to see them all!

Time for the children was short and precious when I had the store—but my children were never in trouble. The main reason for that, outside of our love and understanding for each other, was that I kept them busy. When they came in from school in the afternoon, one would help me in the store, Lee would do his practicing on the piano, and the two oldest would do their homework. Then, in the evening after dinner, we would reverse our positions; Lee would take up his homework, and the older two would practice. It was like Musical Chairs.

I always gave my children a little freedom, too. Sunday, after church, was their day to themselves. Most of the time, Lee and George would get together with some friends and come back to the house for a musical or a party.

I encouraged this and always baked my best cookies for them. I thought for a while that it was only the music they enjoyed together. I should have known better. It was Mama Liberace's cookies, I heard, that were "out of this world." The cookies attracted the boys like honey

tempts a bear cub. All who wanted to, could come. So long as they stayed under the roof and in the yard, I knew what they were up to.

Lee, of course, has always made friends with everybody. Some of the young people he came home with were almost unsavory characters—even at their tender ages. But they were always welcome in my house. I found that they quickly adapted themselves to Lee's other friends —who were at the cookies with both hands —and then sometimes went home to their parents and said, "Why don't you do like Mrs. Liberace does? She bakes the swellest cookies." That's when I'd get in trouble. The parents would call me up and tell me to keep my nose out of their business!

I know I've tried to keep my nose out of *my* children's business—unless they ask for my advice. We've always had a wonderful understanding about personal problems. If something came up they couldn't handle, or that they weren't old enough to understand, we would sit down and discuss it together. In fact, when they were younger, I made it a habit to have weekly sessions where we sat down and had real "lectures."

Today, I am sometimes asked about Lee's marriage plans. My answer is: "His piano is like a marriage to him. He spends eight and ten hours a day, four days a week, at it. On Sunday, his arranger comes over and they work till the small hours. Then he must travel to fill his concert dates, and at night he relaxes with a book about pianists! Surely a wife would have to learn to play second fiddle —or should I say—'second piano?'"

Indeed, my son Lee is a busy man. In the large cities where he gives his concerts, he takes time out to set up piano clubs in the poorer sections of town. Lee gives his time and the city fathers supply free halls for the youngsters to practice in. They have found that the toughest youngsters enjoy Lee's music—some even get to play. It is good clean fun for them and keeps them off the streets. For Lee it is fun, too, and he is grateful for the chance to help these underprivileged youngsters.

In the rest of his "spare time," he has his cooking and his new house. Lee is crazy about eating, desserts in particular. He will spend time doing things I would never think of. He has a lemon sauce for rice pudding that is, to me, just as far out of this world as my cookies used to be to him.

For this sauce, he separates egg white and yolk, whips the white, mixes the yellow with brown sugar and melted butter in a warm (not hot) saucepan, folds in the egg white and adds a dash of lemon juice—all of this for rice pudding that tastes wonderful just plain!

For his new home, which he is building in Sherman Oaks, Lee laid out the basic design himself, then brought in an architect to finish it. There are four bedrooms, two upstairs and two down. It is U-shaped, and all of the rooms, including his music room, look out on the enclosed patio.

The new home is something of a symbol to Lee, a symbol of his arrival. It is a success, I might say, that he blames on me. I remember the time he introduced me on the stage after great applause at a concert. He said, "I want you to meet my mom. It's her encouragement and her faith that have done everything for me." I am always so embarrassed when he says this, for it wasn't me at all. It was his hard work—it was my prayers for his fevered hand—but I think mostly it was *our* faith in God that has done it all.

Helen Trent's Romantic Man

(*Continued from page* 33)

married," insists Julie Stevens, who is Helen Trent. "He would make such a wonderful husband." Julie and David have played opposite each other for more than nine years on this program, and they were friends even before that. And David is a frequent visitor to the home in the country where Julie and her husband Charles Underhill and their two-year-old daughter, Nancy, live. "He's the most thoughtful person. The nicest man with children. He and our little Nancy Elizabeth adore each other."

Mary Jane Higby, who plays Cynthia, is in emphatic agreement. "We think he's radio's most eligible bachelor. The kindest, sweetest guy. Every one of us can remember something extra-special he has done. I can remember how, when I auditioned for the role of Cynthia, he happened to be feeling very ill and shouldn't have been asked to do one additional thing. But with each actress who came in to audition for the part opposite him, he gave the reading everything he had, so that she would sound better. When it came to my turn, they asked me to read several times, and each time David was so wonderful, never letting me down for one moment."

Ann Loring, who plays Rowena Spenser, and Pat Hosley, who plays Gladys Larkin, both agree with Mary Jane. In fact, everyone on the show has an instance of kindness to relate.

David didn't plan to be an actor—or a bachelor, either, for that matter! Both things just seemed to happen. He was born on January 14, in the little town of Beardstown, Illinois, where he lived until he was about eight, then the family moved to Los Angeles. When he attended Los Angeles Polytechnic High School, he got two glimpses of the spotlight that falls upon an actor—one as a student in the drama class, and the other in a motion picture role. The movie role was completely unsung, unpaid, and unexpected. David was just an onlooker during a location shot, but the director mistook him for a schoolboy extra and yelled, "You, young man. When I give you the cue, you walk up this way and then go to the end of that path and stop. Just that. But mind you do it right on cue. And don't hurry it. Saunter." David did, and got a pleased grunt in return. No money, because he hadn't really been hired and he was too shy to speak up and say so. Not even the box lunch that the other extras got. (Incidentally, Marie Wilson was in some of his classes and he still has a drama club group picture which she easily dominates as the prettiest girl and in which he looks properly dignified as the newly elected president of the club.)

The death of David's father, leaving him alone with his mother and two older sisters, made college out of the question. David, working with a drama group at Hollywood High and with the Beverly Hills Community Players, started his career in radio at Station KNX in Hollywood.

Although still in his teens, David soon found himself playing leads opposite skilled and experienced dramatic actresses because of the resonant quality of his voice which made him sound like a much older man. He felt that he was quite well launched as a promising young actor. Then, after a while, the roles began to level off

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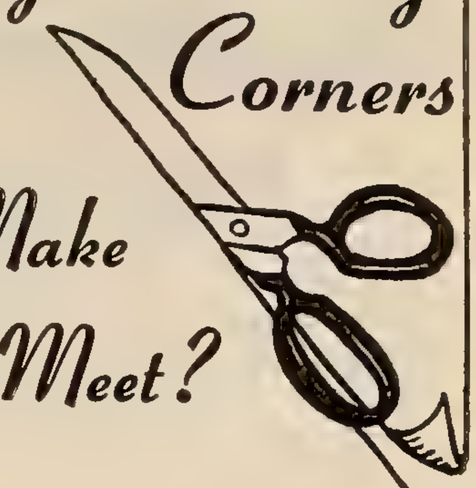

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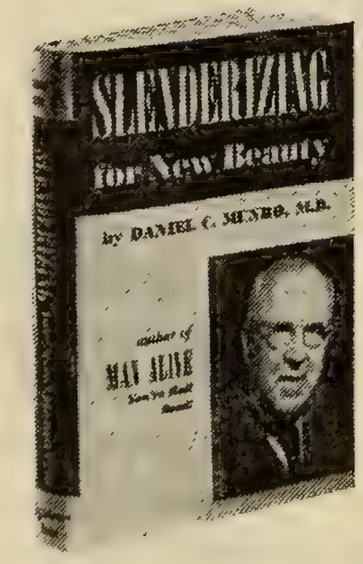

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into a sort of routine that was much too tame for a young and ambitious fellow, so David decided he would try his luck in Chicago radio, where so much was happening at the time.

He hitch-hiked back to the state where he had been born, and got a job in a small Chicago radio station as an announcer. Now he felt he was in the heart of things, and the way could only go on and upward. And then an illness, which had come as the result of the shock of his father's death, began to plague him, and he had to go back home where his mother's careful nursing would bring him back to health. Afterward, he went back to radio in Los Angeles.

At about this time, he decided to open a little shop on Olvera Street, a tourist mecca, where he sold such things as handwrought silver pieces, unusual gifts, and some of the beautifully hand-made flowers which his mother created. It was fun to shopkeep, and it led to his meeting a group of puppeteers who asked him to join them. They were a split-off from the famous Yale Puppeteers, and they called themselves by the name of the street where they all worked—the Olvera Puppeteers.

"I had the heavy voice needed for some of the characters, and I learned to work the puppets," David tells about this part of his career. "I did all the big voices. I was the big, bad wolf, for instance. And all the villains. We toured the whole West Coast, up to the Canadian border. We played all the upper western states, and came down through Los Angeles and the Southwest and Texas. There I decided it was time for me to leave puppetry. I went back to see my mother and, not having too much money, hitch-hiked my way to Chicago again. There I once more got a job as an announcer, winding up as the program director of a small station."

Rather apologetically, he says that this, too, bored him after a while. He wanted to act. He didn't want to run anything, not even a radio station. But he had fallen into a pleasant rut, and was wondering what to do about it, when he met a man he had once befriended. Now his good deed was to be rewarded, although neither realized it at the time. The friend simply said, "Look here. You're an actor, David, and that's what you should be doing. Why don't you let me see if I can arrange an audition?"

David thought about it, and the more he thought the more he realized that his friend was right.

When he was called to audition, there were twenty or more young fellows waiting to read for the same part, but David got it. It was a lead role—not the one he is doing now—in *The Romance Of Helen Trent,* which at that time was being broadcast from Chicago. Gil Whitney hadn't entered the story then, but David was to play the part of playwright Philip King, who after two years of being portrayed by David was finally out of the script. In the story, he was lost in the explosion of his yacht. David regretted his exit, not dreaming that a few years later he would once more portray a leading character on the same program.

There were many other Chicago roles for David—in fact, in those years he played parts on practically every important program coming out of that city—but in the back of his mind he was cherishing a wish to get to New York and try his luck on the Broadway stage.

"I had a few savings by this time, so I didn't have to hitch-hike any more! And I met people in New York who were wonderful to me. I fell right into some good opportunities. Through Marge Morrow, one of the best of my new friends, I was introduced to the top writer-producer-director in radio, who made me a narrator on some of his greatest shows. I was offered two parts in dramatic serials in radio. Many good things came my way. It was great, except that it kept me from doing the thing I had really come for—the legitimate stage. I still dreamed of being leading man in a big Broadway hit! Now I can't see why I was so keen about it. I like the way things have turned out, just as they are."

In 1944, the *Helen Trent* program moved from Chicago to New York. A new Gil Whitney had to be selected and David was asked to audition for the part. At the same time, Julie Stevens auditioned for the role of Helen Trent. And both have been doing them ever since.

David feels he has been very lucky in playing opposite a fine actress like Julie. "And a fine person as well. Sometimes, Julie and I will sit down together after a show and just chat, and I get a whole new perspective on some problem that is troubling me. She's understanding and intuitive. Straightforward. And kind."

For her part, Julie says a fellow like David is a very handy man to have around. "He got us all started on such things as Double-Crostics and playing Scrabble, and I'm not sure I thank him for that, however," she says, "considering I'm a housewife and busy mother, as well as an actress with too little time anyhow."

All David's friends say he's the perfect weekend guest, with a talent for keeping the kids amused, for fix-it chores, for gardening, come summer (he's decided he'd like to be a florist, if he weren't an actor). Also, there's his recently discovered flair for cooking, which has now gained him the title of "Casserole King" among his coworkers. His specialty is a spectacular affair made of frankfurters, corn, tomatoes, onions, and green peppers.

The name of Gothard belonged to an early ancestor, and David took it when he was casting about for a professional name to take the place of his own, which is Flickwir. At first he called himself David Thomas, the Thomas being a middle name that his family called him by instead of David. The use of his two first names sounded phony to him. There was a David Gotthard who had come to America with the early settlers and, with one "t" dropped for ease in pronunciation, his name appealed to his descendant. "I don't think the old boy minded my taking it," David says.

As you watch him, moving around the room as he talks, taking in everything quickly—as a man does who is sensitive to his surroundings and the people he meets—you realize that, away from the microphone, he is far from looking like the typical actor. On the street, you might pick him out as the lawyer he plays on *Helen Trent,* or perhaps a business executive. His brownish-blond hair recedes just a little from a wide brow, his features are strong, his manner definite, but his blue-gray eyes are kind. There is an air of gaiety about him, of fun, of not taking himself too seriously, of finding life good in spite of many periods of stress. He tells you about the impact on his life of his father's early death . . . of his mother, who has been gone only a short time . . . of his love for them, and his pride in the way they faced illness at the end of their lives. He talks about his sisters' children and, in turn, their children, and he brings out their photographs for you to admire. And you realize that he has great feeling, and great loyalty, toward those he really likes.

You begin to think that the girls who work with him on radio are quite right. And you start to run your mind over the list of girls you know—unmarried, nice girls, who would like to meet just the right man. But you can't tell David Gothard this, because he would probably laugh and say, "Who, me?"

Ray Milland Once Walked Alone

(*Continued from page* 53)

morning, Ray stood praying in church. Flanked by diminutive worshippers—which intensified his self-consciousness—he closed his eyes tight to blot out the picture. Suddenly his nose began to bleed. Terror gripped his heart. He thought he was going to faint.

"I *won't* walk out and have everyone stare at me," he half-whispered to himself. "I can't stand to have them look—I *can't* —I *can't!*"

As nearly as he can recall, it was this adolescent, teen-age incident that marked Ray's life. From that moment on, an overwhelming shyness was born within him and he was driven by the desire to keep moving and remain unattached. Paradoxically, while faraway places beckoned his restless soul, another part of him yearned for anchorage and roots.

Torn between these conflicting emotions, Ray developed a shy, retiring personality as he came of age. He felt unwanted, inferior and insecure most of the time. On the defensive, his fear of attracting attention made him perverse to a point where his withdrawal actually made him *more* conspicuous. He brought on the reputation for being easily bored, for being conceited, unpredictable and aloof. In many instances, the accusations were deserved, but rarely were the reasons for his outward actions understood.

Around Hollywood, Ray was known as a man who walked alone. He tried to mix, but even to his closest friends he remained a mystery, a man they might like but could never understand. General impression was that he was searching for *something* and, despite his loved ones and his worldly goods, until he found this something he would remain an unhappy, elusive man.

Finally, at one point, his marriage hit a brief breach. There was no tangible cause or reason, which only increased the pain. Once again, Ray just felt his world was closing in on him and he was filled with protest against conforming to a set pattern of living. He didn't know what he wanted, but he *thought* he didn't want what he had. Fortunately, he found out how wrong he was.

"The solution to it all was very simple," Ray banters today. "But *all* I had to do was *find* it—which only took about *twenty-five* years! I had to learn how to live with myself—and, when a man learns how to do this, he automatically knows how to live with others. Then he becomes a peaceful man."

Mellowed, matured, Ray now not only has peace of mind, but his capacity for appreciating it knows no bounds. His friends and family revel in the change, because they're so happy to see him released from the depression that threatened to engulf—perhaps ruin—his life.

In spite of himself, rather than because of himself, Ray has always been successful, but today he's a man who can appreciate the success. Currently, he's in the midst of making *Meet Mr. McNutley,* his first radio and television series. He's playing the character of a man with more brains than brawn, a charming, witty professor in a college for women. Sometimes this man is forgetful—when his mind is on the better things in life (and it usually is), he walks in the clouds and his feet are apt to take the wrong paths. Great cooperation from the cast and crew of *Meet Mr. McNutley* even enabled Ray to sandwich in a prize movie plum, director Alfred Hitchcock's "Dial M for Murder."

"Each day that I live, my life becomes more precious to me," confesses Ray. "I have what I want, at last. In a certain sense I was blind and deaf before, so I missed out on many things within reach. My search ended the day I discovered I was searching for something I could find within myself. But until I had lived a lot and learned the hard way, I just couldn't recognize the source. In the meantime, the going was pretty rough at times.

"When you feel emptiness, lack of purpose—or call it what you may—until you learn *how* to live with yourself, there is no peace. This full realization finally hit me last year when I took my family to Switzerland. I was scheduled to direct a picture and fulfill a great ambition. Plans went haywire, but since we had a lease on a Swiss chalet, we stayed on.

"We saw no one. There were no night clubs, daily gossip columns, ringing telephones, or cocktail parties choked with gay, giddy people—all trying to prove something. After Mal—my wife Muriel—did the shopping, we took long rides behind a horse-drawn sleigh. Each evening, Vicki and Danny—our daughter and son —would ski down the slope to the little village and pick up the milk. Each dawn, a new blanket of snow enveloped our world with silence and peace.

"Naturally, such utopian existence was transitory, but it gave me time to do nothing but relax and unwind, time to take inventory—time to think and think. One night, I took a long walk through the snow. Home, Hollywood, the usual cares and competition, seemed millions of miles away. Instead of dreading the return to routine, however, for the first time I looked forward to it.

"Why do I suddenly feel this way? I asked myself. What's come over me? I'm calm, the pressure is gone. I feel like I've found a buried treasure—and of course I had! My wife, my children, their unselfish love—plus the knowledge that we all belonged together—this was it. *I belonged!* This is what I'd wanted and searched for most of my life. I had never actually experienced the *complete* feeling of belonging before. Now I knew I could live with myself in peace."

The Millands returned home in time to celebrate their twenty-second wedding anniversary. On the morning of that special day, Ray made an announcement at the breakfast table.

"Let's drive down to Balboa," he beamed. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could find a house on the bay? We could stay there weekends and whenever I didn't have to work."

"I'd love it and it would be so good for the children, too," answered Ray's understanding wife. "But please, dear, don't build up your hopes. You know houses are at a premium on Lido Isle. I hate to see you disappointed."

"It's *right* that we should have it," said Ray in return. "I have a feeling that we will."

The house was waiting for them! They bought it and had a wonderful time decorating it. The day they moved in was the happiest of their lives.

"We each have chores to do," grins Ray. "Mal runs the house, I market and barbecue steaks, Vicki makes the beds, while Danny empties wastebaskets and sweeps the terrace. Sometimes we go to the movies, but usually we watch television and hit the sack by nine. It's a great life, but it took a long time. You know that old one about not being able to see the forest for the trees! That was *my* problem—but how peaceful and clear the view is now."

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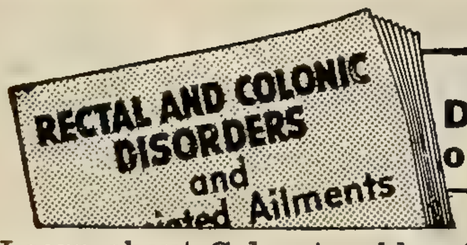

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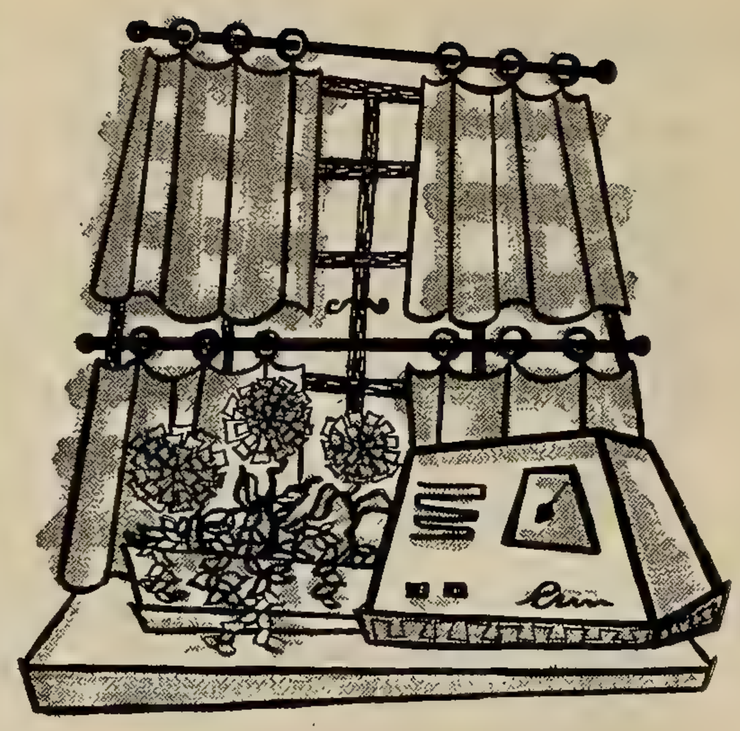

DAYTIME DIARY

AUNT JENNY Littleton is a simple American town, the image of a thousand other towns across the country, except for one important difference: it has Aunt Jenny as its chronicler. Surveying the scene with understanding eyes, Aunt Jenny finds along the quiet streets and byways stories of happiness, tragedy, love, and hate, proving over and over that not even the quietest life is entirely devoid of human drama. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Broadway star Larry Noble strongly disapproves of his wife Mary's association with Lucius Brooks and his oil stocks. But Mary, innocent of the worthlessness of the stocks, continues to promote them among her friends, hoping to make enough money to buy out Roy Shephard's interest in Larry's new play and thus get Roy's daughter Elise out of Larry's life. In trying to save her marriage, is Mary piling up greater trouble? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE BENNETTS Lawyer Wayne Bennett isn't looking for trouble when he stops in to find out how his neighbors, the Cobbs, are progressing with their adoption. But both Wayne and his wife Nancy have a good eye and ear for phonies, and the helpful man who is so nicely arranging the adoption for Blaney and Meg Cobb doesn't ring quite true to them. Blaney and Meg have another reason now to value their friendship with the Bennetts. M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Is Alan Butler the right man for Patsy? Some of the Dennises think he is, and some of them aren't so sure. But with all of them now, Patsy's romance takes second place to a simple desire for justice as they all go to work to prove Alan innocent of the murder of Elmer Davidson. What is Roy Wilmot's real stake in the situation, and what is his purpose in making a friend of Babby Dennis? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART Julie Fielding's father has always told her that the important thing in living is to follow one's true desires. And so, when Julie fell in love with Peter Davis, she thought the only important decision she had to make was whether or not to admit it. She was too sheltered and innocent to realize that Peter might not find his own decision so easy to make . . . or that there might be a girl like Georgie. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL When the *New York Daily Eagle* sends David Farrell out on a crime story, it is sending out not only a reporter but a detective. Sharp-eyed David and his ex-reporter wife Sally have a strong aversion to letting an innocent party pay for a crime while the guilty one goes unpunished, and whenever they turn up on a case, the police are sure to be led—or prodded—toward the right solution. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Secret guilt is the worst possible basis for a marriage, and Kathy Grant still believes that one day soon she will tell Dick the truth about their child, Robin. But the right time never comes, and meanwhile, Kathy's concentration on Robin makes Dick an easy target for nurse Janet Johnson, who is quite ready to show Dick, at any time, the warmth Kathy denies him. Has Kathy lost more than she knows? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HAWKINS FALLS Life in a small town can be very satisfying, but sometimes Lona Drewer would be willing to give up the paper she runs in Hawkins Falls and disappear into the anonymity of a big, uncaring city. For Lona is finding it a burden these days to know quite as much as she does about the lives of her neighbors. And sometimes she doesn't like their knowing quite so much about her own. M-F, 11 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE In the dark days when they first learned of Reed's fatal illness, Julie Paterno prayed she would find the strength they both needed to face what was ahead. She did manage to persuade Reed to go through with their marriage, hoping that together they might salvage a little happiness from the time

left to him. Julie has fought hard . . . but is her courage at last beginning to falter? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Phyllis Hunter, long a stranger to her father, suddenly turns up in his life with plans to reconcile him and her mother. But Bill Davidson suspects that Phyllis' motives are not entirely noble, since she is in love with Cornelius Townsend, the man her mother plans to marry. When the tense emotional situation finally explodes into tragedy, Bill tries desperately to help . . . but can he control the terrible climax? M-F. 5 P.M. EST. NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi, who grew up in the hard school provided by the streets of a big city, is not the girl to lose heart too easily. But lately, something very important has happened to Chichi—something that might open a whole new world of happiness, or might, on the other hand, slam the gate right in her face. If that happens, will even Papa David's love and philosophy be able to help? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Still estranged from Lorenzo by his loss of memory, Belle sadly picks up the pieces of her life and enters upon a startling new career, acting opposite famous Wade Emery in producer Verne Massey's new play. Success will never solace Belle if Lorenzo, unable to recall their marriage, continues his romance with Gail Maddox. Is there no way in which Lorenzo can be made to remember their past happiness? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST. NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE During the past weeks, Vanessa Dale's life has undergone a complete revolution. The New York career she planned for so eagerly has gone down in a confusion of schemes and plots engineered by her neurotic sister, Meg Harper. But at the same time something much more important has come out of all the trouble—Paul Raven's proposal, and Van's acceptance. Will Meg once again destroy Van's hopes? M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST. CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS At last, Willy is cleared of the shocking accusation of theft made against him by his ex-boss, Frank Hoffman, and the new baby boy just born to Willy and Evey can face life unafraid—as Willy gloomily feared—that he might be pointed out as a convict's son. Is this all that was needed to clear the way for Ma's other daughter, Fay, and writer Tom Wells? What happens to a wedding too often postponed? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY In kind, sympathetic Sunday Brinthrope, young Connie Durant has found the perfect innocent bystander to help her carry out her ruthless plan to destroy her husband, Brian, and acquire his fortune. But Sunday is far more astute than Connie imagines, and her sure instinct for good and bad will not long permit Connie to deceive her. But will Sunday learn the truth in time to wreck Connie's terrible plan? M-F. 12:45 P.M. EST. CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Mother Young has never been set against any change that might bring added happiness to her beloved family. But change for its own sake is something else, and she casts a questioning eye on the big financial deal that has everyone excited. Meanwhile, Peggy Young Trent faces a different sort of problem as her growing son Hal creates an unexpected situation between Peggy and her husband Carter. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON Ever since lawyer Perry Mason's first contact with the Beekmans, Ed and Audrey have been harassed and haunted by mistakes made in the past. Now, with Ed finally out on parole with every chance to make a clean new start, the Beekmans share a passionate hope to give their beautiful daughter Kate a good life. Knowing this, Perry becomes particularly dangerous when a threat out of the past turns against Kate herself. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Kramer Nelson's efforts in behalf of the young man framed on a murder charge have brought her almost face to face with the ruthless enemies who are determined to ruin the political career of her husband, Governor Miles Nelson. But, ironically, Carolyn has been unable to convince one important person of the necessity for her activities—Miles himself. Will she save his reputation only to lose him? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Almost the day Aunt Reggie hit town, it became apparent to Dr. Jim and his new wife, Jocelyn, that the old lady's sweetness concealed a formidable determination to take over the lives of all the Brents. In fact, Jim's foster son, Dr. John, is the only one Aunt Reggie does manage to hoodwink, and John's wife Francey stands by in helpless fury as her marriage heads for the rocks. Still, Francey is a resourceful girl. . . . M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC. M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The murder of producer Kelcey Spenser has almost wrecked Helen Trent's life. Shaken and jobless, she must also contend with serious suspicions about her conduct which are being cleverly planted around Hollywood by columnist Daisy Parker and by Cynthia Whitney, ruthless wife of the man who has never stopped loving Helen—lawyer Gil Whitney. Must Gil give up friendship with Helen for her sake? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST. CBS.

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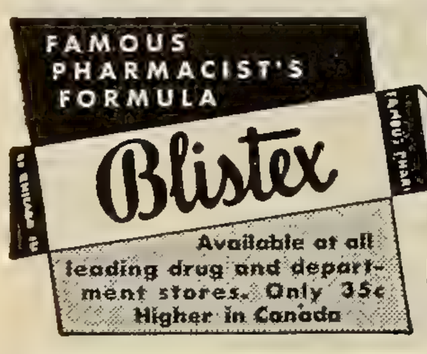

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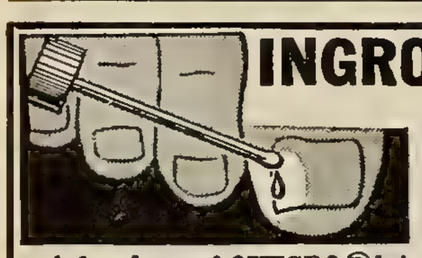

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DAYTIME DIARY

(*Continued from page* 103)

ROSEMARY Bill Roberts, going through one of the most trying periods of his life, wonders bitterly if he and Rosemary wouldn't be better off if he had looked the other way when he first became aware of underworld activities in Springdale. Should Bill have minded his own business, instead of seeking to expose Edgar Duffy? Or—as his father-in-law reminds him—is it a man's duty to be true to his convictions? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Widowed Joanne Barron is making a brave fight for her own future and that of her small daughter as she struggles to build up her Motor Haven from its small but hopeful start. Is she right to insist that her association with Arthur Tate remain purely business? Or would Joanne be willing to admit what she and Arthur both know—that they are in love—if Arthur met her half way? What is his secret trouble? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry Burton has worked out a more or less successful way of dealing with her tyrannical mother-in-law, but her sister-in-law Marcia doesn't have Terry's level head. Marcia's reaction to a quarrel with her mother is to go off and find an unsuitable man to lose her head over. Terry has seen Marcia through several such crises, hoping that sometime the man will be the right one. Has Marcia found him at last? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS New threats to the happiness of Stella's daughter Laurel come from an unexpected quarter when Laurel saves the life of wealthy, lonely Ada Dexter. In Laurel and her young husband Dick Grosvenor, Ada joyfully sees the companionship and new interest she lost when her only son died years ago. But Stella fears Ada's affection will lead to domination of Laurel's life. Can Stella handle this delicate situation? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE As nurse Nora Drake and Dr. Robert Sargent delve more deeply into the confusion and fear that have entangled Robert's daughter, Grace, in the city's dope traffic, they are shocked at the full revelation of Grace's danger. Can they save Grace from the consequences of her own folly? Will she want to be saved if anything happens to Cass Todero? Can anything ever come of their desperate love? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN "Poko" Thurmond's modeling career has gotten off to a pretty sound start. But her romance with Bill is far from being in the same promising condition for—to Poko's surprise, the very obvious tactics of Jenny Alden are getting astonishing results. Still, Bill isn't completely a fool. Even he realizes that there is something very strange about Jenny. What is the truth about her past? Who and what is she? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

WENDY WARREN Wendy's playwright husband, Mark Douglas, seems to have put his recent nervous collapse well behind him as his new play, the most brilliant he has yet written, appears destined for certain success. But Mark's protégée, the young actress Pat Sullivan, in a strange way holds Mark's future in her selfish hand. Both Wendy and her friend, star Maggie Fallon, sense trouble. But will Mark let himself be helped? M-F, 12 noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES All during the trouble that resulted from Clair O'Brien's disappearance, Joan had a strange feeling that she and Harry would never be able to forget Clair, even though death appeared to have ended her sinister influence. Now Joan's premonition becomes horrifying fact. What can Joan do to weaken Clair's hold on the lives of those she loves? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James and Jessie Carter haven't raised five children without learning at least one thing—there's always another crisis around the corner, even when their daughter Sandy has helped her husband Mike over his emotional snag . . . even after Virginia's troubled marriage quiets down again. . . . Well, it may be Clay or Jeff or even young Pete who stirs things up. And, if it's Jeff, it's likely to be serious. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Jill Malone is really too young to have to cope with the problem of young Pete LaGatta, and her father, Dr. Jerry Malone, wonders how he can explain to her the place she has come to occupy in Pete's life. Meanwhile, Jerry has another emotional crisis on his hands as Mary Horton reviews her unfortunate marriage, and wonders where to go from there with her husband Ernest—or without him. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Dr. Anthony Loring's sister, Victoria, has finally managed to disrupt the romance of her brother and widow Ellen Brown. When she brings lovely Millicent Randall to town, Anthony reacts by urging Ellen to marry him at once. But Ellen, taken aback, refuses to be hurried, and Victoria has the satisfaction of seeing Anthony turn to Millicent. Will Ellen have to stand by helplessly and lose Anthony to another woman? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

A Human Kind of Guy Named Garry

(*Continued from page* 64)

wrought a change in the Garry Moore *I* knew. When I met him at his suite at the Gotham six years ago, he'd just come in from an all-night jazz session at Eddie Condon's place in the Village and was clearing his head with black coffee. The day sort of went on like that." I thought rather sadly of the devil-may-care, let's-get-going fellow of 1948, then got to my feet. "Maybe it's not such a good idea after all."

But, on the way out, I caught sight of a door and froze in my tracks. *"Oops!"* I said. "Whose office is that?"

Shirley said, "Garry's, of course. Oh, you mean the stuff on it? Well, it was painted the same dull green as everything else here at CBS and the other day he couldn't stand it another minute. Said it was too drab. Called in painters and had it painted that shocking pink. And, after that, the sword of Damocles on the wall with the label 'Sponsors' on it, and that crew-cut symbol of his, and—"

Then I could laugh. "You had me scared for a minute," I said. "He's the same old Garry. I wouldn't miss doing this story for the world."

"The trouble is," Garry said a couple of afternoons later, twisting nervously in his Mansfield Theatre seat a few minutes after he'd finished his show, "the *main* trouble is that nobody wants to let me look the way I really am. They keep saying I have to look to the public the way the public *wants* me to look. They print everything about me but the truth."

It was an old complaint of great stars, only I'd never had it from Garry before. I'd never had anything except honesty from him. For a moment or two, Garry and I recalled that other, long-gone meeting when we cured his morning-after blues and went on to lunch in 52nd Street and then wandered along Fifth Avenue on the way to his studio without a soul recognizing or stopping him.

Now, in 1953, Garry glowered morosely at me. "I couldn't spend an afternoon like that any more," he said. "Then I was only a name. Now I'm a *face*. Good Lord, do you know what happened a couple of days ago? I was on a two-week vacation. I took my wife and kids on the boat, and we sailed around the Sound and up to the Cape. At six in the afternoon we were all downstairs, the kids having orange juice and the rest of us having refreshments after a good day's sail.

"When I started up the ladder, I saw a lot of strange faces peering down at me. Up on deck, I discovered our boat was surrounded by little catboats, and the deck was crowded with people I'd never seen before—lots of kids, the works. Somebody yelled, 'Hey, funny man! Make with the laughs!' I didn't know what to *do*."

Garry recognizes himself as one of the new Problem Children of TV. He is a man who has always enjoyed the salaries and the anonymity of radio without ever experiencing the nuisance of being a movie star.

When I say nuisance, I mean exactly that. Do you believe movie stars wear big dark glasses to attract attention to themselves? Nonsense. They are conditioned to being stars, and they wear the glasses in a forlorn hope that they may not be recognized. It's no fun to be recognized everywhere, wherever you go.

Garry has discovered this recently, and he is not yet able to cope with it. He even said to me, "I'm not kidding. If I'd known what being on TV would mean to me, to my private life, what it would mean to my kids—I'd have stood in radio. I'd have thought twice before I ever went into TV."

I gauged Garry's temper and decided that I'd known him long enough to say what was in my mind. "It's an old gag," I said, "but all you get out of it is a lousy fortune."

He smiled. It was a pretty weak smile, but he managed it. "You may be right," he said. "But who can afford it?"

He didn't just mean that what was left after taxes might not be enough to compensate for constant invasion of his privacy as a citizen and human being. He was thinking in terms of the boys and his wife, and with good reason. A year ago, for reasons which Garry naturally does not discuss, Nell Moore packed herself and the children and went to California for a while.

From my own personal impression of Garry when I met him six years ago, I'd think that, if a separation had happened then, he would have been hurt and mad and upset—but not thrown completely off-base.

So much for the change in six years, because this separation really did throw Garry. He went on the air about it, in one of those between you-and-me telecasts he sometimes features, in order to scotch the rumors and the snide gossip in the columns, and to state the fact that this was not a legal separation nor, he hoped, anything nearly so important.

After a few weeks and a number of very long long-distance calls to California, Nell and the boys returned to the house at Rye.

(*Continued on page* 106)

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And at this point, everyone in the cast heaved a big fat sigh of relief, because Garry had not been himself all during those trying weeks. He had tried to cover up, to behave as if nothing mattered but his work. But his closest friends will tell you that there was never a more miserable man alive than Garry was while Nell and the children were away.

"The day they came home," one of Garry's friends says, "Garry bounced back into the office and it was like setting off fireworks. The funeral was over. Brother, I hope *that* never happens again!"

Had this trouble happened to Garry and his family six years ago, I doubt if he would have known quite how to cope with it. He was on a career rocker, then. A show brought him to New York, so he flew to New York, while the family held the fort in California. He would no sooner ask Nell to fly to New York to be with him, when a new job would be offered in Hollywood and he would blithely book passage for both on the next plane to the Coast. Neither of them knew from one month to the next where they would live, or where they would try to make a home and raise the boys in some sort of security and peace.

Well, Garry was only thirty-two, then. It's even more different when the little kids are suddenly big boys of thirteen and ten, as Mason and Garry Jr., are, respectively. Add to that the fact that their precious privacy is destroyed along with Garry's own anonymity, and there is small wonder that Garry might well have "stood in radio."

The fact that the Moores can lead a normal, easy-going, cheerful life when the head of the family is suddenly a visual celebrity is due to Garry's ruthless, hard-headed practice of working his shows as a businessman instead of as an off-hand, sometime artist, straight-man and emcee, which was what he was six years ago.

In that old RADIO-TV MIRROR story about Garry, I reported a typical day of his. I knew how to report it because I spent most of it with him. As we got acquainted in his hotel suite, I realized that he probably hadn't slept that night. He had two or three appointments before the lunch we eventually ate in a 52nd Street bistro, and he went into a long rehearsal that afternoon as coldly capable as any performer I ever saw. Frankly, I was beat by dinnertime, but Garry was well off on another round of appointments, rehearsals, etc.

Today, he catches an early train in Rye, reads today's script on the way, and arrives at ten sharp at his office. At 11:20, Clarence Schimmel, Herb Sanford, Shirley Reeser (his right-hand people) and he leave the office. Ten minutes later they are at the Mansfield Theatre on 57th Street.

They rehearse. 1:30, showtime. 2:00, end of the show. Until 4:00, necessary business, mostly with sponsors. At 4:00, staff meeting. And at 5:00, except on Wednesday nights, businessman Garry Moore catches a train for home.

Five days a week, nothing on weekends. Back to Nell, to the boat, to Sam the spaniel, to the boys. . . .

It had worried me, this business of how he kept his old charm when he was pacing his week and treating his work as if he were a stockbroker. So I went, one blistering day last fall, to the Mansfield Theatre to find out.

I stood backstage watching him work and he had never had greater charm. His audience of women loved him. It was the peak of the heat wave, and he was wearing shorts. He asked the gals in the audience what they thought of them, and got gratifying reactions. Good pro-and-con stuff.

It's a nervous deal, standing backstage of a show like this. Twice I got hit in the head by the boom—the roving mike that wanders around-stage picking up voices. I talked for a minute or two with a nice, good-looking boy wearing a pair of swimming trunks. It seemed like sensible attire for a stagehand in this theatre, when the temperature was over 100° and the humidity in the nineties.

A moment later I glanced at the monitor set, saw a girl singing away under a beach umbrella, and a husky chap flexing his muscles in front of her. I glanced hastily at the stage. The girl was indeed sitting there on a stepladder, singing, two stagehands were holding the cloth curtain tight behind her to give the impression of sky and sea, and the boy in the shorts was flexing his muscles like crazy. The "stagehand" I'd been talking to.

When the number was over, the boy in the swimming trunks came off-stage, wiped his forehead, remarked, "Well, that takes care of Tarzan," and left. The stagehands let loose of the backdrop and came over to drop a couple of nickels into the Coke machine. And Garry, catching my eye, said, "Hey, wait'll I get out of these shorts. See you down front."

Six years ago, Garry took his radio shows as money-making propositions and tried to amuse his audience. It never occurred to him to think of what he looked like when he did this. "Good Lord," he says, "I was just a medium-sized guy with a ragged crew-cut, and who cared? Nobody could see me."

It is still hard for him to understand why millions of women all over America wish to welcome him into their homes once or twice a day, laugh at his sallies, listen attentively to some of his stern remarks about subjects he believes in deeply, and go out to buy in overwhelming numbers the products he sells. Or why he was so successful a substitute for Arthur Godfrey, while Godfrey was in the hospital.

Garry doesn't consider himself the home companion of the typical housewife. On the contrary. However, besides having so many sponsors he doesn't know what to do with them, Garry gets other things. He sneezes, and thousands of women phone, wire, and write in asking him to keep himself muffled up and to avoid drafts.

He gave away a "fixed" skunk on the air. He got a hundred pets to replace it. (Thank goodness, he loves animals.)

This is the audience to whom he announced, over a year ago, that he had just been fired. He explained with all the candor in the world that his network, CBS-TV, had told him he had to replace his present show with a "gimmick" program, or they would replace Garry Moore with someone who wasn't so deeply concerned with his integrity. Garry thought a bit and then told them to do their worst.

They fired him, all right, but one sponsor, Stokely-Van Camp, informed CBS-TV they'd better keep Moore on at least for the three months their contract had to go, or they'd sue. "So there you are," Garry told his audience. "I'm a mouse who has temporarily swallowed a mountain."

If his viewers wanted the show to continue as it was, he went on, they could do two things: write him a letter saying so, and buy Stokely products. "Buy beans till they come out of your ears. Eat peaches till you slosh."

Fourteen thousand letters came that first week. There was the gentle sound of sloshing throughout the land. Shortly, Garry had three new sponsors, with plenty more coming up, and is now completely sold out—with a waiting list of sponsors. No one has mentioned a "gimmick" program since.

The show has little skits and songs and gags, but the *real* show consists of just one man. He does very much as he pleases, and a great deal of it is ad lib within the general pattern of a very elastic script. The day I watched from backstage, they had cut a complete skit during rehearsal five minutes before curtain time, because Garry decided it was bad. He simply talked through the blank space. (When this happens, incidentally, no performer loses out as a result of his last-minute change of mind, which cannot be said of many other top shows.)

As far as his audience was concerned, they hung upon his every word as if his improvisation had been rehearsed and planned.

This kind of attention from his audience is money in the bank, and Garry responds to it, respects it. But, according to his associates, it isn't always pure public relations that motivates him. The outfit finds a phone bill each month that Garry's business manager looks at and then cries over. Garry just can't resist reading his fan mail, and when he finds something that is hurting someone, he also can't resist picking up a phone and saying, "Aw gee. Now what we gonna do about that?" The call is usually to a distant city. This isn't part of public relations. Garry really feels he might be of help.

Well, there we have him, this Moore man. A guy who insists the public is a problem in his private life and who still can't resist it. A guy who very seldom has time to take a fling at a jam session the way he used to, but who is too honest to let his adoring public believe that he isn't just as human as the next husband. A guy who will protect the privacy of his personal life to the bitter end, then explain a rift in it before a TV audience.

My job was to look at Garry after six years and see if he had changed. The answer is yes.

I have to be honest, so I won't say he has changed for the better (who am I to decide such a thing?) or for the worse.

But I can say detachedly, sitting 'way off in a corner and looking at him, that success has treated him well. It may not have brought him the full measure of happiness that success is supposed to bring, but, in the process of acquiring success, Garry Moore has become a mature, understanding human being.

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